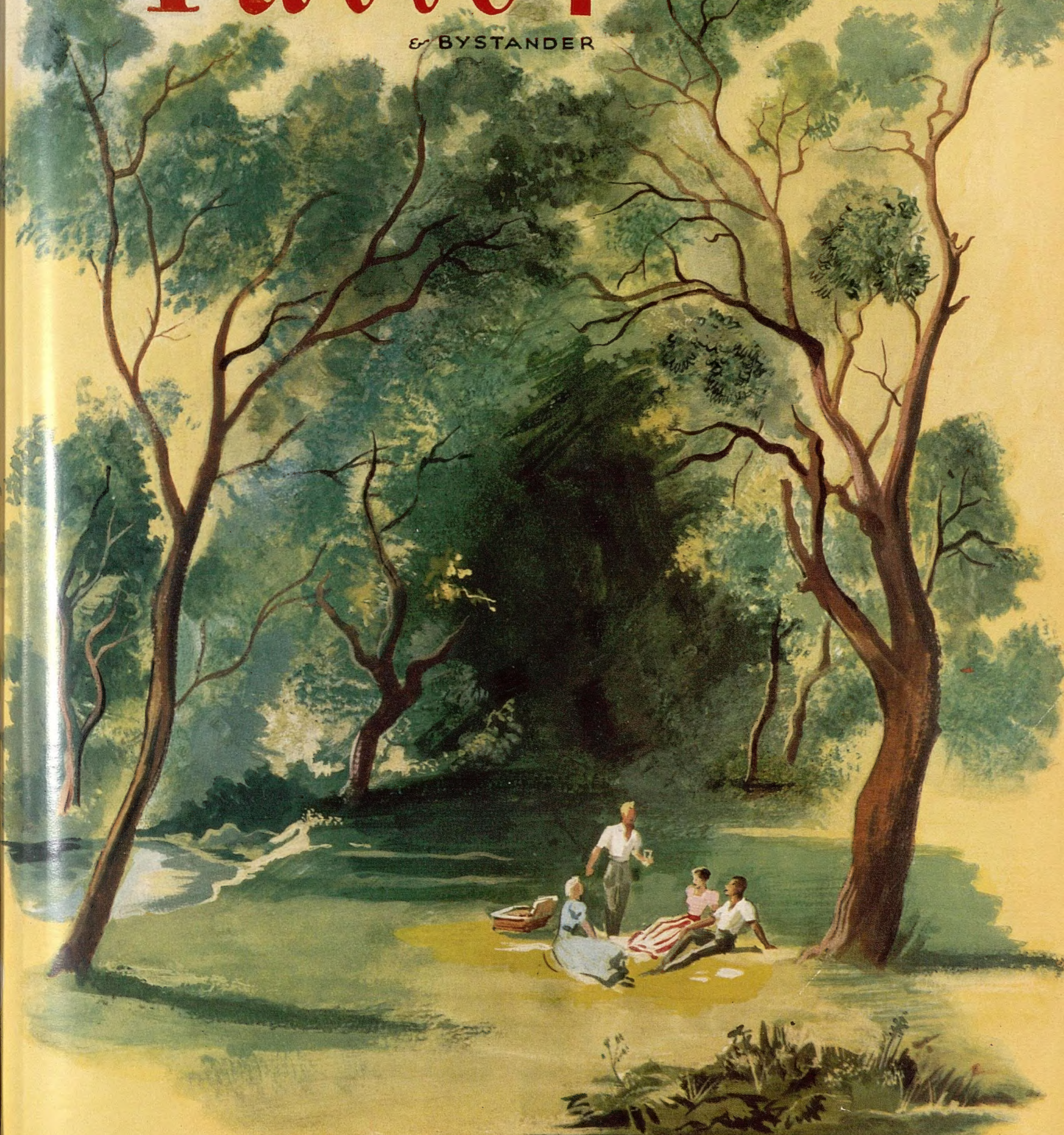


the Tatler

& BYSTANDER

JUNE 6, 1956

TWO SHILLINGS

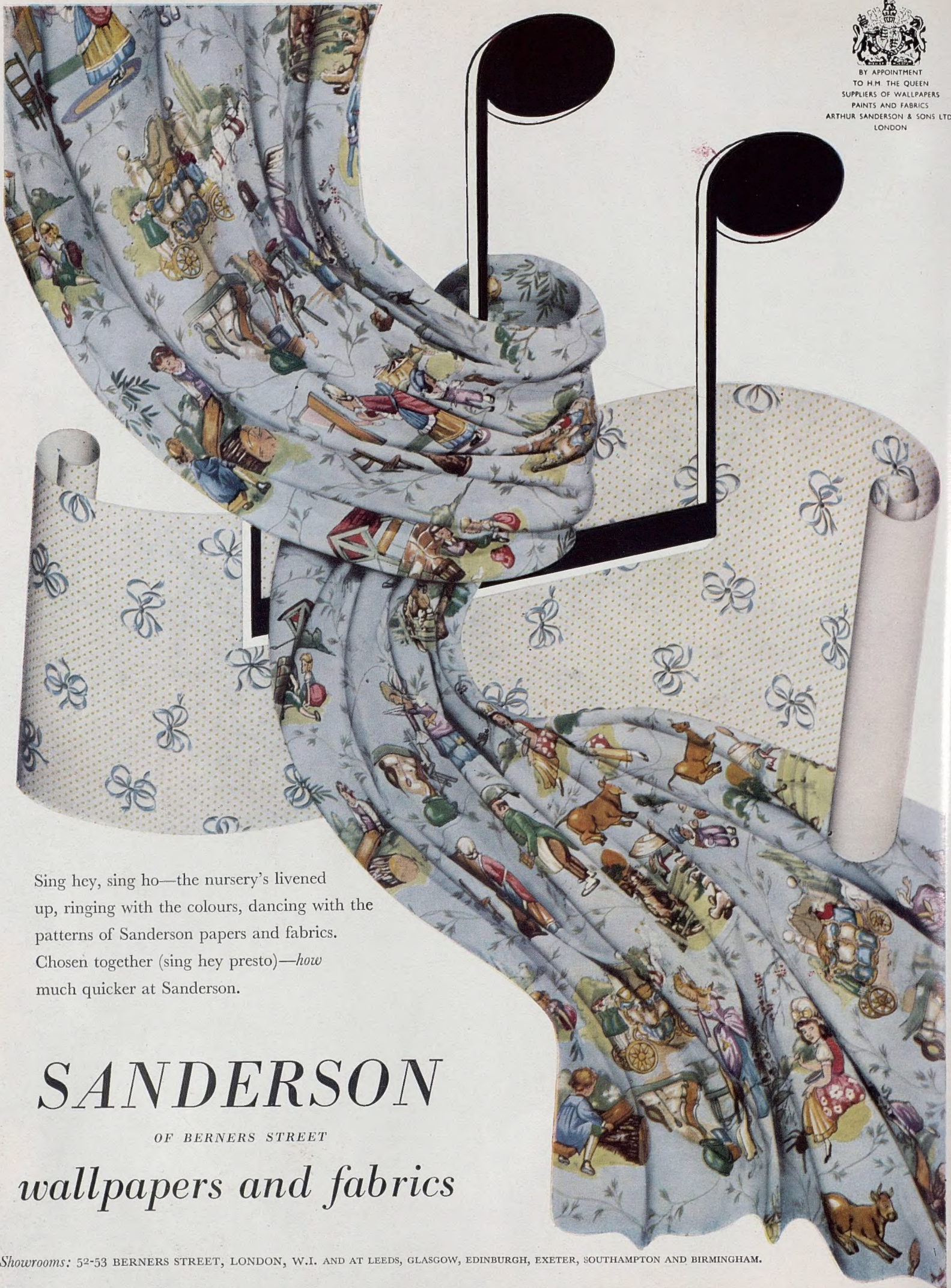


SUMMER NUMBER

Lowen



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TO H.M. THE QUEEN
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LONDON



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Debenham & Freebody

**A Shantung Dress
for the
Small Woman**

Made in our own work-
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natural shantung dress
trimmed coffee coloured
guipure lace. **24½ gns.**

In other colours to order

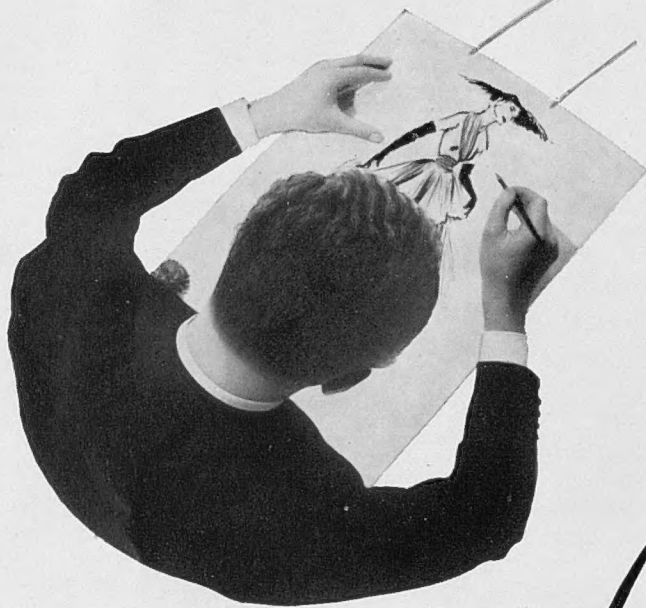
*Small Ladies — First Floor
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Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, W.1.



It isn't just a rumour.....

... its perfectly true



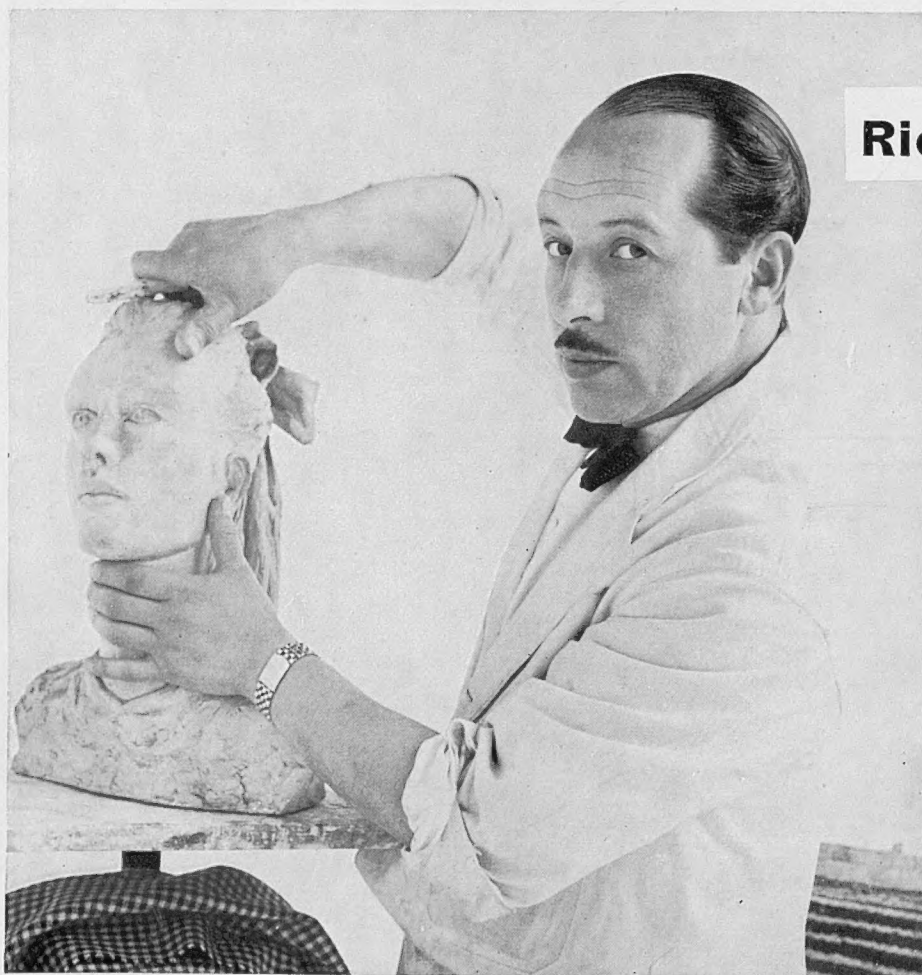
... perfectly wonderfully true, that Norman Hartnell is now producing Nylons. Filmy wisps of next-to-nothingness, gossamer threads to caress the skin . . . nylons by a great designer, nylons which are quite unique. Yet, with such quality, such lasting quality at such normal prices, they are economical — yes economical!

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night and day. 60 gauge 15 denier with ladder stops top and toe	10/11
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In colour shades created by Hartnell to suit all occasions.

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Casual outfit of Shirt Jacket and Jeans with slit sides, Shorts, and four panelled Skirt, all boldly stitched, and with attractive pockets.

In lustrous satin-finished cotton in Sunflower Yellow, Turquoise, Orchid Pink, Royal Blue, Flame, Hydrangea Blue, Dove Grey or Black.

Jacket: bust 34, 36, 38 ins. **£3.3.0**

Skirt: waist 24, 26, 28 ins. **£3.13.6**

Jeans: as above, **£2.12.6**

Shorts, as above, **£1.9.6**

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Casual wear fourth floor.

Accessories for the beach—Mules from our Italian collection, Sun Glasses and printed plastic Beach Bag.

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And you'll find that your nylons *will last longer.*

Difficult? Not at all. Just wear the right stocking at the right time. During the day, forget those very sheer nylons and stick to stockings from the Charnos Daytime range.

They are all made to take the rough with the smooth.

Wear them by day and you'll soon prove for yourself that *Charnos nylons will last longer.*



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Charnos make six types to choose from, each with its own special virtues.

Here are some to look out for:

COMMONSENSE

semi-sheer nylons for everyday

NO-RUN

mesh nylons *you can't ladder*

CREPE-CLOUDS

the unique semi-sheer

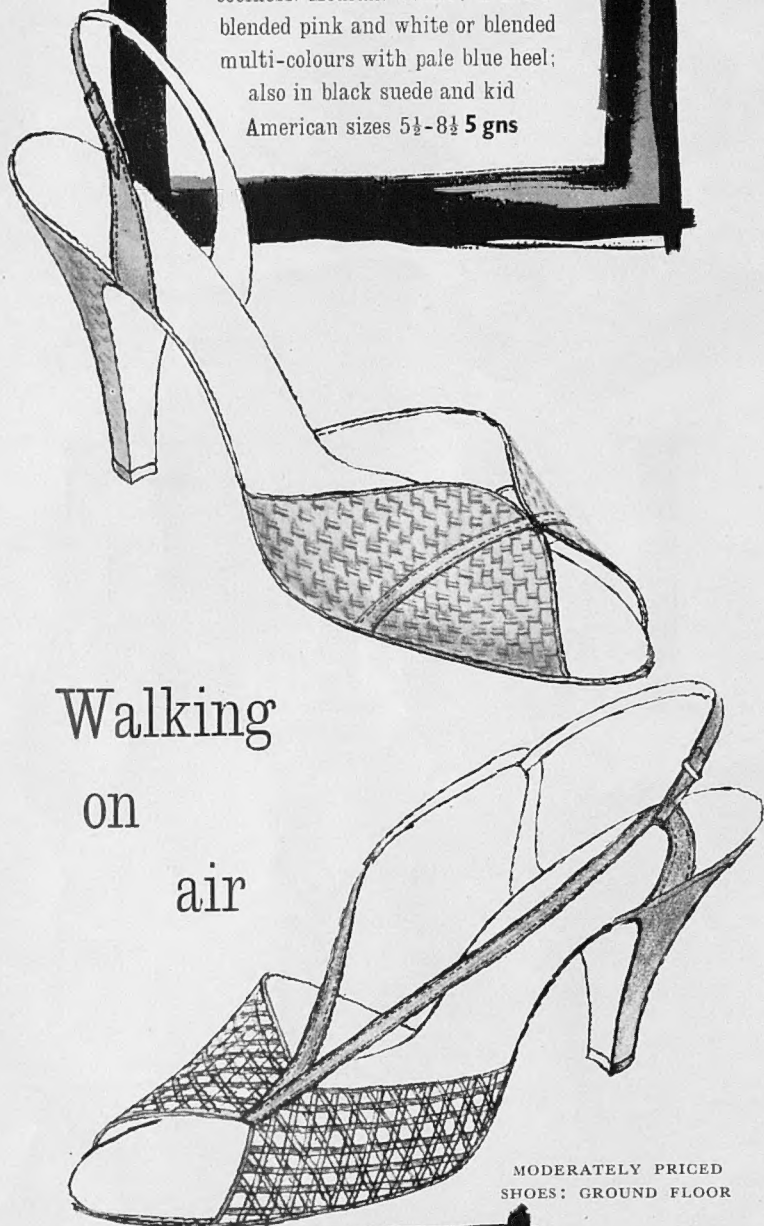
s-t-r-e-t-c-h nylon



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Slim-strapped sandal with the front section lattice-woven for coolness. Medium-heeled, in kid of blended pink and white or blended multi-colours with pale blue heel; also in black suede and kid. American sizes 5½-8½ 5 gns



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In two textures—Brilliant, glossy and lustrous, or the drier Satin if you prefer—each in 30 intervening shades, from palest coral rose to the deep exotic reds . . . made only in Paris.

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Made with Courtaulds' acetate.

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Pure cashmere, classic style. Short sleeve sweater, golfer style cardigan. Colours yellow, pale blue, cherry, navy, light and dark grey, bottle green and black 11½ gns.
 Same style and colours in lambswool 6½ gns.
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- 2 **MIDDLE AGES** He speak ze broken Engleesh wiz ze *accent formidable*, to show zat he is able to create ze *veritable haute coiffure*, vous comprenez?
- 3 **CURRENT AFFAIRS** He now speaks plain English—both pure and colloquial—for he has made London the world centre of Hair Fashion. He even *invents* English—for example, “Teazie Weazie”. Any day now you will hear him call you “Madam” instead of “Madame”. That will be the day! Make an appointment on the strength of it!

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Cocktail 51 GAUGE 15 DENIER (MESH)

For other occasions . . .

- DEBUTANTE 66 gauge 12 denier
- MONTE CARLO 60 gauge 15 denier (mesh)
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- *MASQUERADE 60 gauge 30 denier
- *POINT-TO-POINT 45 gauge 30 denier (mesh)
- S-T-R-E-T-C-H 60 gauge 15 denier
- S-T-R-E-T-C-H 51 gauge 15 denier (mesh)
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Serene sophistication . . . poised is she in her groomed perfection and wise indeed in the world of fashion. To complement her beautiful Pierre Balmain gown she selects English Rose, the haute couture in nylons. From this exclusive range she chooses stockings such as 'Cocktail' . . . misty mesh nylons of gossamer texture, unique in the strength that belies their fragility.

English Rose Nylons



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the game of golf is played at its best, there, too, you
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It happens so often as to be beyond mere coincidence that, at those times when contentment in relaxation is heightened into luxury, the cigarettes are by **BENSON and HEDGES**—cigarettes so carefully made, from the finest of fine tobaccos.



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TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
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A film star? Never. A soldier? Once.
An explorer? In a manner of speaking ...
An artist? Certainly! ...
and a most designing individual.
What's more, a man with a reputation
for understanding the good things of life.
Let's have a word with him.

Sir! Will you join us in a small glass of something?

*Why, thank you. I will. Not too small, if you
don't mind . . . and not too strong.*

A dry Martini?

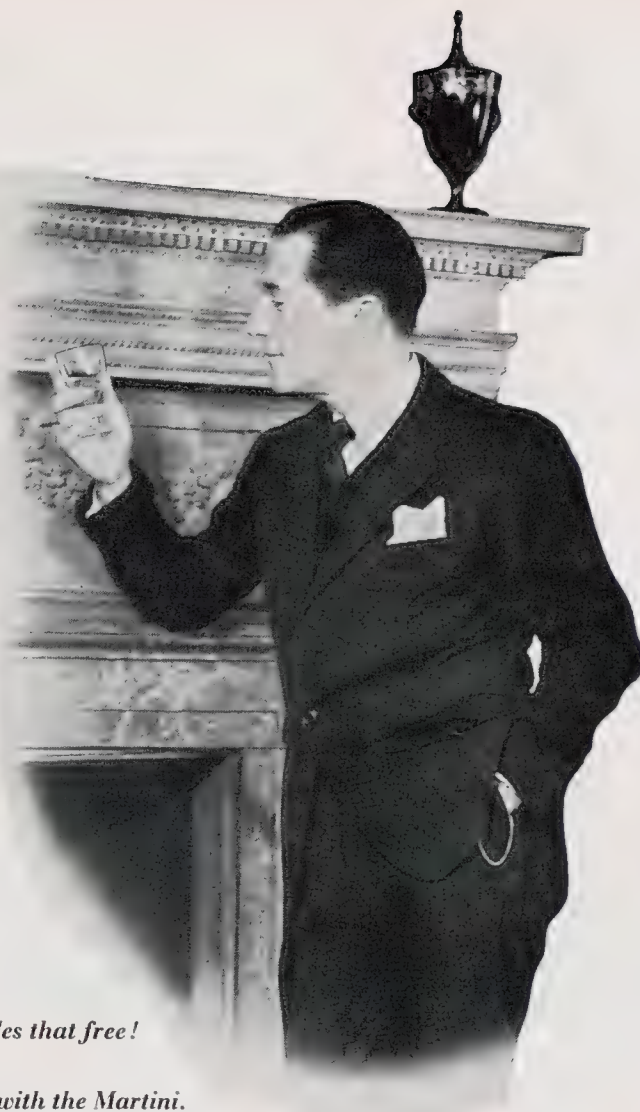
*This morning I feel more inclined to a straight
vermouth—shall we say a Martini Dry.
And I'll take it, if I may, in a large glass.
You can't appreciate a first-rate vermouth in thimblefuls.*

That's an interesting answer.
We'll have the same. Nothing with it?

*Coldness—a good barman provides that free!
And an olive by all means.
The colour of an olive tones well with the Martini.
The flavour of an olive doesn't quarrel
with the subtleties in the glass.
Settings are important. I wouldn't, for instance,
drink even a Martini from a chipped china mug.*

But, china mugs apart . . . ?

*There's no better drink in the wide world
than Martini, dry or sweet.
You can quote Hardy Amies on that.*



Better drink

MARTINI

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Gay Venture . . .

There is a time and place for all things, and day is the right time for the gay venture of a Patou Parfum Cologne. 'Comme il faut' on all occasions, the tonic coolness of Patou Parfum Cologne should be a grand finale to a hot bath or a shower. Under the tang of the Cologne lingers the fragrance of your favourite perfume—spring fresh *Amour Amour*, warm, friendly *L'Heure Attendue*, beguiling *Moment Supreme*, the subtle innuendo of *Cocktail Dry*.



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to H.M. The Queen
Silversmiths and Jewellers

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ENGAGEMENT RINGS



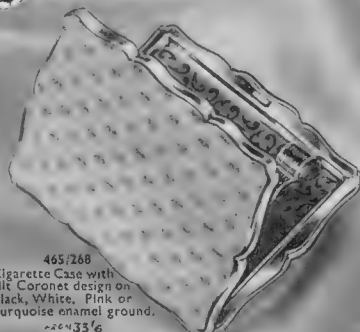
Choosing the ring, the right ring, is easier than it could be—if you come to Asprey's. You will find there a very wide selection of exquisite engagement rings at prices ranging from £30. And in making your choice, we put our knowledge and experience of fine jewels freely at your disposal.

DIAMOND RINGS. Three Stone and Single Stone from £40.0.0.

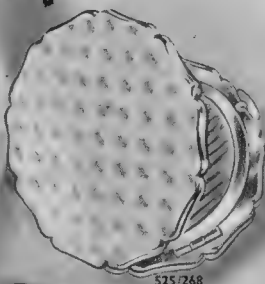
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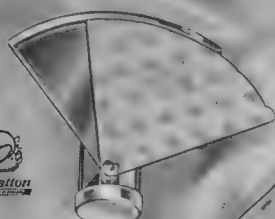
Stratton Matching Gifts



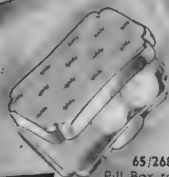
465/268
Cigarette Case with
gilt Coronet design on
Black, White, Pink or
Turquoise enamel ground.
FROM 33/6



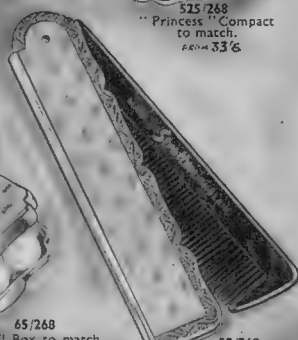
525/268
"Princess" Compact
to match.
FROM 33/6



75/268
Lipstick Mirror
to match.
FROM 19/6



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Pill Box to match.
FROM 8/6



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to match.
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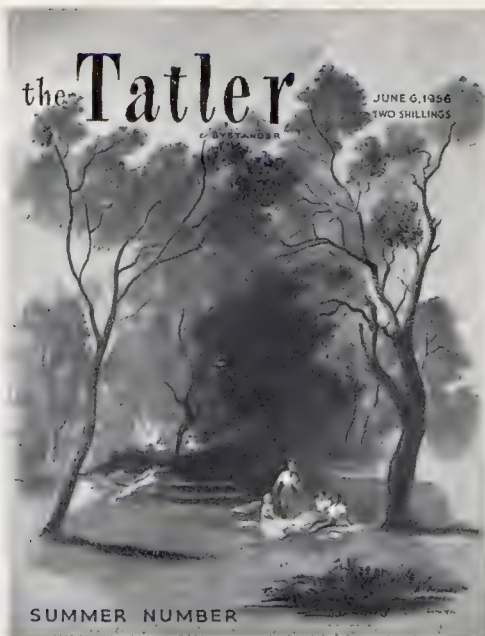
179-181 Regent Street, London, W.1. REGENT 6571 and 2364

137 New Bond Street, London, W.1. MAYFAIR 0905

and at Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Aberdeen, Glasgow

Horrockses





THE COVER of The TATLER this week is painted by the artist Lowen, and conjures up the charm of an English summer at its best, with a golden heat haze and leafy trees ranging from a delicate green to the dark, almost blue tinge of the shady chestnuts. Now is the time for picnics and boating on the river, wearing the crisp cotton frocks and gay straw hats that have been in the shops since January, while even those kept by business in the town can from time to time capture the spirit of the season in the park. With so many of the big occasions of the next few months taking place out of doors, let us hope that (with due regard to the farmers' need of rain) this summer of 1956 will outshine even last year's

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From June 6 to June 13

June 6 (Wed.) Cambridge May Week opens. Royal Tournament at Earls Court (until June 23). Dances: Mrs. Victor Seely for Miss Alexandra Seely, in London. Mrs. Ronald Barbor (small dance) for Miss Valerie Barbor, at the May Fair Hotel. Racing at Epsom (the Derby).

June 7 (Thur.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret attend the Royal Tournament, Earls Court. Cricket: First Test Match, England v. Australia, at Nottingham (five days). First night of *Family Reunion* at the Phoenix Theatre. Dances: Lady Remnant and Mrs. William Dowding for the Hon. Susan Remnant and Miss Caroline Dowding at Claridge's. Lansdowne Club summer dance. Racing at Epsom.

June 8 (Fri.) The Queen and Prince Philip arrive in Stockholm for their state visit to Sweden. Golf: Curtis Cup, international Ladies' Match, Great Britain v. U.S.A. at Sandwich (two days). Reception by Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., for overseas members of the Overseas League on the House of Commons Terrace. Dances: Lady Chesham for her daughter, the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, and her nieces, Miss Diana Wagner and Miss Jill Barbezat, Stonerwood Park, Petersfield. The Hon. Mrs. Henry Hope (small cotillion dance) for the coming-of-age of her son, Mr. Peter Hope, and for her daughter, Miss Anne Hope, Mapledurham House, Oxon. Mrs. David Stuart for Miss Serena Gillilan, at Godinton, Ashford, Kent. Mrs. David Stokes (small dance) for Miss Jane Stokes, in London. Racing at Epsom (the Oaks).

June 9 (Sat.) Princess Margaret attends a service in Southwell Minster, Notts, in celebration of its millenary, and a subsequent garden party. Traction Engine Rally, Shippon Farm, Shippon, near Abingdon. Grand National Archery Society International Tournament, Home Park, Windsor (two days). Windsor Polo Tournament (until the 24th). Racing at Kempton Park.

June 10 (Sun.) Prince Philip's Birthday.

June 11 (Mon.) Cambridge May Week dances: Christ's College, First and Third Trinity College Boat Club Peterhouse, and Clare College. Racing at Leicester and Brighton (two days).

June 12 (Tues.) Three Counties Show Hereford Racecourse (three days). Fork luncheon: Viscountess Leverhulme for the Hon. Susan Lever, at the Savoy.

Dances: Lady Sheila Durlacher and Mrs. Hubert Raphael for Miss Elizabeth Durlacher and Miss Wendy Raphael, at the Dorchester. Cambridge May Week dances: Jesus College, St. John's College, Corpus Christi College, Pembroke College, and St. Catharine's College.

June 13 (Wed.) The Duchess of Kent attends the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy Ball at the Dorchester.

Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House (until the 28th).

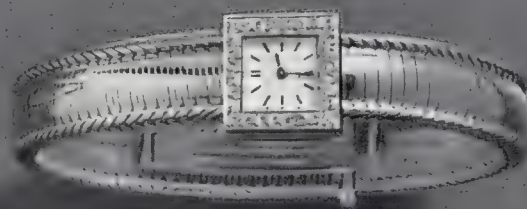
Cocktail party: Mrs. Peter Benton-Jones at the Dorchester.

Dances: Lady Denning (small dance) for Miss Diana Denning, Hyde Park Hotel.

Mrs. Davies-Scourfield and Mrs. Guy Stanton for their daughters, Miss Precelly Davies-Scourfield and Miss Serena Fass, at the Guards Boat Club. Cambridge May Week dance: King's College. Racing at Lingfield and Lincoln.

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Clayton Evans

Summer in a Gloucestershire garden

CHRISTOPHER AND VICTORIA LEIGH are here with their dogs in the sunshine on a terrace wall of their beautiful home, Langley, at Winchcombe, high on the Cotswold hills overlooking Cheltenham; Christopher was born in 1941 and Victoria in 1945. Their father, Mr. Eric Leigh, is the second son of

Sir John Leigh, Bt., J.P., formerly Conservative M.P. for the Clapham Division of Wandsworth. Before her marriage in 1939, Mrs. Leigh was Miss Mary Jaques, daughter of the late Mr. J. H. Jaques. Mr. Leigh served as a Lt.-Cdr. in the R.N.V.R. during the war and is now farming extensively in the Cotswolds



Garden party at Blenheim

THE Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were at home at Blenheim Palace to some two hundred guests who were entertained to tea in the water garden (seen above) after being received on the terrace. They also watched a cricket match



Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Brookes and Lady Rosemary Muir, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough



The Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer and the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough

Mrs. T. P. Littlewood, a visitor from America, and Mrs. E. A. Springall

The Marchioness of Blandford, Mr. L. Turner, M.P., and Mrs. Turner



Mrs. Edward Lane Fox was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hughes-Hallett





Norton-Pratt

DAVID TELFER-SMOLLETT, the three-year-old son of Major and Mrs. P. T. Telfer-Smollett, is seen happily feeding one of the tame peacocks at his home, Cameron House, Alexandria, in Dunbartonshire. His father, who is in the Highland Light Infantry and a member of the Queen's Body Guard for Scotland (the Royal Company of Archers), is the eldest son of Maj.-Gen. Telfer-Smollett, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., of Bonhill, Lord-Lieut. of Dunbartonshire. Before her marriage in 1951, Mrs. Telfer-Smollett was Miss Georgina Fox, daughter of Sir Gifford Fox, Bt., and of Myra, the Hon. Lady Fox

Social Journal

Jennifer

A ROYAL POLO AFTERNOON

THE QUEEN returned from Balmoral, where she had been staying for ten days with Prince Philip and their children, in time to watch the polo match on Smith's Lawn, Windsor Park, between Cowdray Park and Windsor Park. Prince Philip was playing back for the Windsor Park team who included Lt.-Col. A. H. McConnel, No. 1, Capt. Gerald Balding, No. 2, and Lt.-Col. Humphrey Guinness—like Capt. Balding a six handicap player—at No. 3. They were defeated 5-3½ by Cowdray, whose team consisted of Brig. M. Ali Beg, Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland, Rao Raja Hanut Singh and Mr. John Lakin. After the match the Queen presented the magnificent silver gilt rose bowl to the winning side. Princess Margaret had motored over from the Castle with the Queen, who drove herself in her own Daimler.

A RECORD number of spectators—I should judge around 15,000—had come by car, bicycle, or even walked to see this match on a gloriously sunny afternoon in a perfect setting. Many of them had brought tea. I arrived just as the match was about to start and there was not a seat to be had in either side of the Members' enclosure. I hear that this is soon to be remedied and further stands are to be put

up. It takes just under an hour to motor down from London, and is a very pleasant way of spending a Saturday or Sunday afternoon. I saw quite a few young Etonians who had come with parents or friends to this informal gathering, to watch a good game of polo.

Many familiar faces were there, but space allows me to mention only very few. I met Lady Madden and Countess Jellicoe; the latter, who had brought her daughters from the Convent at Ascot, told me she was flying out to Baghdad to join Earl Jellicoe for two or three weeks.

LORD MONTEAGLE and his stepfather and mother, Col. and Mrs. Forbes, were talking to Col. and Mrs. "Mossy" Preston. I saw Col. Gerard Leigh who commands the Household Cavalry and was playing for the Windsor team in the second match, Lord Patrick Beresford, Mr. R. I. Ferguson, Major J. M. Miller, secretary of the Household Brigade Polo Club, and Mr. R. P. Davies, who were all playing in the American tournament which followed the high goal invitation match.

A two weeks' polo tournament starts here on June 9, and there will be games every afternoon after racing during Royal Ascot week. It has made a great difference to the young officers of the Household Cavalry stationed in Windsor and London to have a polo ground so near, where they can practise and get a game quite

often. Many people have also joined the H.B.P. club as non-playing members, which entitles one to car parking, a member's badge, and a guest badge for the season.

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ON the following afternoon the Queen, wearing a black straw hat with black gloves and black shoes, and a white grosgrain coat, opened the Household Brigade Memorial Cloister at Wellington Barracks. This was a very simple and moving service in honoured memory of the officers and men of the Household Brigade who gave their lives in World War Two and, as with everything done by the Brigade, the arrangements were perfectly planned and carried out.

The dedication was by the Chaplain to the Household Brigade and at the close the Blessing was given by the Chaplain-General to the Forces.

Prince Philip, in the scarlet uniform of Colonel of the Welsh Guards, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were other members of the Royal Family present. Around one were those who had lost relations and friends, all remembering with proud thanks-

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THE QUEEN MOTHER AT CHELSEA

QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother opened the Royal Chelsea Flower Show which was held in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, and is seen above with her brother, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, President of the Royal Horticultural Society, walking round the gardens

Mr. Billy Whittaker and Mary, Duchess of Roxburghe



Miss Elizabeth Dix was accompanied by Mr. Vivian Esch



Major Edmund de Rothschild and Mrs. de Rothschild



Lord and Lady Bearsted leaving the President's tent

giving those specially dear to them who had given their lives.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother was one of the first members of the Royal Family to visit the Royal Horticultural Society's Spring Show in the gardens of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. She was escorted round the exhibits by her brother, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, who is President of the Society. Other members of the Royal Family to visit the show were the Princess Royal, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Duchess of Kent, just back from her trip to Italy to stay with her sister.

This annual event and the smaller fortnightly shows at the Horticultural Hall have become increasingly popular, not only among those who are fortunate enough to have gardens, but with everyone who appreciates flowers. The exhibits were truly magnificent this year. Among those which especially caught my eye were Mr. Edmund de Rothschild's breathtakingly beautiful exhibit of rhododendrons and azaleas from Exbury, near Southampton, which was awarded a gold medal, as was Waterers' very fine show of herbaceous plants and lilies which included some superb irises, for which they are renowned. The Dutch Flower Growers' Association from The Hague had a very fine stand of lilacs, red and yellow roses and orchids which were arranged most effectively coming out of a tree! Blackmore and Langdon's delphiniums, begonias and gloxinias certainly had many admirers and were also among the gold medallists.

SOME beautiful Malmaison carnations were sent from Luton Hoo by Lady Zia Wernher's gardener, Mr. J. H. Willis, Dobbies' sweet peas as always were much admired, and there were many exhibits of gorgeous roses, the finest I saw coming from Alex Dickson's nurseries at Newtownards in Northern Ireland. A new feature of the show this year was the marquee filled with over 300 varied floral arrangements, which I heard were exquisite. But, alas, being allergic to queues, and with neither the time nor patience to participate, I did not get in to see them as there was a long queue from early morning onwards. Perhaps next year some better arrangement will be made.

To mention only a few of those looking at the beautiful flowers and plants, I saw Lady Hore-Belisha, the Countess of Gowrie, Lady Bruce Gardner and her daughter, Mrs. Zamora and her daughter, Mrs. Edgar Bowring accompanied by Mrs. Blundell, Mrs. Robin McAlpine, and Mr. Peter Coats who told me he had just returned from a visit to Holland with the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich to see the bulb fields.

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QUITE the most glamorous débutante ball held in London so far this season was that which the Austrian Ambassador and Princess Schwarzenberg gave for their débutante daughter, Miss Colienne Schwarzenberg, who looked radiant in a lovely dress of ivory satin with a tucked bodice and full skirt. This event took place in the fine Austrian Embassy in Belgrave Square, which is so beautifully furnished with lovely treasures and made a perfect setting. Huge sprays of white lilac and lilies and red roses and tulips had been arranged at intervals up the banisters of the wide staircase, an arrangement which was most effective. The flowers in the upstairs ballroom and adjoining sitting-out rooms (where there was a bar with cool drinks) were exceptionally beautiful too, while downstairs sweet-scented deep pink sweet peas were massed on the candlelit supper tables.

Princess Schwarzenberg, who is one of the

leading diplomatic hostesses in London, and her charming husband had everything so well arranged for their guests. For those who did not want to dance there were plenty of rooms in which to sit and talk to friends, and in a room downstairs three very fine musicians played lilting Viennese waltzes and other delightful Austrian tunes, while guests sat around enchanted. The Duke of Kent was among the very large number of young guests, who included most of this year's débutantes and many who came out in the last couple of years, among them Miss Frances Sweeny, Miss Camilla Straight, Miss Elizabeth Hoyer Millar, Miss Mariette Salisbury-Jones and Miss Serena Dunn.

NUMEROUS members of the Diplomatic Corps present included the Portuguese Ambassador, who had given a dinner party at his nearby Embassy, as had the Italian Ambassador; the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich, the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. de Mendoza who looked beautiful in white, and the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf. The latter, also looking lovely in white, I met on her way to supper with Viscount Moore. Also there were the German Ambassador and Mme. von Herwarth, and the Panamanian Ambassador and Dame Margot Arias who looked enchanting in a pink organza dress.

Among other guests I met the Duchess of Buccleuch in pale blue with lovely jewels, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk who brought their eldest daughter Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, the Countess of Harewood, and Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, who had recently spent a few days in Cyprus with the Governor and Lady Harding on her return from a very interesting visit to the Middle East. Viscountess Waverley was listening to the soft Austrian music as were the Earl and Countess of Ronaldshay, the Earl and Countess of Selkirk, Mr. Henry Tiarks, Lady Diana Cooper, the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Marquis and Marquise de Miramon (the latter very pretty in white), Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Orthez, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Palmers and Viscountess Kilmuir.

Lady Olivier, in tomato red organza, came on from the Lyric looking very fresh after playing the lead in Noël Coward's *South Sea Bubble*, and joined her husband, and I saw Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones, Mr. John Foster, Q.C., Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Lonsdale, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whitwell, the tall, good-looking Countess of Eldon, Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal, Lady Northbourne, Sir Alfred and Lady Beit, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck and a great many more who were all enjoying this very grand and dignified ball, in a beautiful home.

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THE following night the Duke of Kent dined with Mrs. Gerald Legge, who had a dinner party of young friends including Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, Earl Bathurst, Miss Camilla Straight, Mr. Robin Gage, Miss Anne Cobbold and Sir Rhys Llewellyn, and went on to the coming-out ball given by Mrs. Brian Buchel and Mrs. Lionel Wigram for their daughters, Miss June Lucas and Miss Denia Wigram at Claridge's. Other dinner party hostesses included the Duchess of Norfolk, the Countess of Gainsborough, Mrs. Gerald Constable Maxwell, the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Hennessy, the Hon. Lady Lowson, Lady Chesham, Mrs. Hubert Raphael, Mrs. Sandy Scratchley, Mrs. Benton-Jones and Mrs. Harold Huth.

Miss June Lucas, who is a very attractive girl, looked sweet in a beautifully made white organza dress, while Miss Denia Wigram was also charming in a dress of violet-pink tulle



MISS GERALDINE LEE GUINNESS, the daughter of the late Mr. Kenelm Lee Guinness and of Mrs. Lee Guinness, of Eaton Place, S.W.1, married Mr. Mikael Essayan, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Essayan, of Paris, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

over white, with a broad band of white guipure lace round the hem. They stood with their mothers for some time receiving the guests, who numbered around six hundred. They included Lady Sarah Cadogan, whose mother, Countess Cadogan was there, also her aunt the Duchess of Bedford with the Duke of Bedford, Lady Clarissa Duncombe, who has her own coming-out dance in July, Lady Anne Nevill, Miss Jane Allday, the Hon. James Cecil, the Earl of Suffolk, Mr. Mark Fitzalan Howard, Mr. John Slesinger, Mr. "Obbie" Waller, Mr. John Dawnay, Lady Jane and Lady Philippa Wallop, the Marquess of Hamilton and Lady Charlotte Chetwynd-Talbot. Although it was a very warm evening the ballroom was packed all the time and dancing went on until the early hours of the morning.

I WENT up to The Grove, Highgate Village, to a delightful cocktail party given by Sir Campbell Stuart and Mr. Anthony Gishford. This is an enchanting house, beautifully furnished, and was the last home of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. As was to be expected, here were many friends from the world of music, foremost among them the Countess of Rosebery, very chic in black, who was having a long talk with Mr. Robertson, the High Commissioner for Canada. A little farther on Baroness Ravensdale was conversing with Mr. Michael Wood and his wife. Mr. Ian Hunter, who was

Artistic Director of the Edinburgh Festival for five years and left last year to take over the Harold Holt International Celebrity Concerts, was a guest, also Lady Meyer, whose husband Sir Anthony Meyer has done such good work organizing concerts for children. Others I saw were Rose Marchioness of Headfort, one of the most lovable personalities of the theatrical and musical world, talking to Miss Mollie Seton-Karr, Mrs. Clarence de Sola in brown, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Jessica de Pass, Lady Reid Dick listening to Sir Harry Brittain, and the Hon. Mrs. Gamage, who came with Lord and Lady Strathalmond, who made a very interesting visit to Australia last winter. Also the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys, Lord Reay, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, who came in early, Lady (Noel) Curtis-Bennett and Lady Crosfield, who has a lovely home nearby in Highgate.

FROM here I went to on Cadogan Pier, near Cheyne Walk, where Mrs. H. M. Drew and Mrs. Edward Northey were giving a very gay cocktail party for their débutante daughters, Miss Felicity Drew and her twin sister, Miss Penelope Drew, and Miss Celia Northey. This took place on board S.S. Royal Princess and was really a party for young guests. The twins, who were dressed alike in pink coats over print

[Continued overleaf]



Carthusians, past and present, and their friends attended a ball at the Dorchester in aid of the Charterhouse Mission in Southwark. Above: The Hon. Patrick Marsham, Miss Virginia Gaselee, the Hon. Hugh Montgomery and Miss Victoria Cannon

dresses, and Celia greeted their friends, who numbered nearly three hundred, near the gangway. Many of this year's débutantes were there, also last year's débutantes, among them Miss Ruth Huggins, and a large number of young men including the Duke of Kent, who were all having a happy time. There were no diving or other incidents up to the time I left.

I then went on to Chester Street where Col. and Mrs. John Ward were giving a cocktail party. Their daughter, Didi, who recently returned from America where she has spent the winter in California with friends, was there, looking lovely. I have never seen any young girl change so much, gaining so much poise and good looks in a year, as Didi has done. Here in a very short time I met the Spanish Ambassador, Mr. "Chips" Channon and his charming son, Mr. Paul Channon, the Marchioness of Northampton talking to Mrs. Gerald Legge, who was wearing a very gay boater covered in red roses, Sir Simon and Lady Marks, Lady Willoughby de Broke very pretty in a grey silk suit, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis in black, and my charming host, Col. Ward, who is a great sailing enthusiast. He told me he and Col. and Mrs. Ferris St. George were planning to set off this week in their yacht *Varuna*, to sail to Sweden, and hope to arrive there in time to see some of the Equestrian Olympics.

THAT evening I went on to one of the most enjoyable charity balls so far held this year—the Charterhouse Ball at the Dorchester. This was attended by around five hundred guests. The ballroom was never overcrowded, the dinner had been carefully chosen, there was an excellent cabaret given by Nicholas Parsons, Shirley Eaton and that king of conjurers, George Braund (who is an Old Carthusian). There was also a splendid tombola, with numerous prizes, drawn for by Lady Weeks, chairman of this very well run ball, which was to raise funds for the Charterhouse Mission.

The Mission undertook in 1884 to minister to the spiritual, mental and physical needs of several thousand people round Southwark, and they have a Mission House, a church and two club buildings requiring continual maintenance. Though helped by financial grants they are in serious need of money and more full-time workers. Sir Ronald Weeks, who is a Governor of Charterhouse in London and of the School, and Lady Weeks, had a big party and their daughter Miss Pamela Weeks had an even bigger one of young friends, at an adjacent table. With the chairman were Viscount Knollys, who is Sir Ronald's successor as chairman of Vickers-Armstrongs, Lady Hore-Belisha, Mr. and Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger, Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell and Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. Edmonstone.

The Master of Charterhouse, Canon John

McLeod Campbell, was present, also the headmaster of Charterhouse School, Mr. Brian Young, and the missionary, the Rev. E. S. Haviland. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hall and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Cannon had a joint party of young friends of their débutante daughters, Miss Sally Hall and Miss Victoria Cannon.

LAUGHTER from beginning to end marked the first night at the Piccadilly Theatre of Peter Ustinov's new comedy *Romanoff And Juliet*. The author plays the leading rôle himself quite brilliantly, and is supported by an excellent cast who all received a tremendous ovation. In the stalls I saw Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, the latter looking exceptionally attractive in a white dress with a pink top, Lord and Lady Buckhurst, Mrs. Gerald Legge in a party with the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, Mrs. Andrew Holt and Mrs. Audrey Pleydell-Bouverie with Rose Marchioness of Headfort. Theatrical celebrities included Mr. John Mills and his wife Mary Hayley Bell, Mr. Bill O'Bryen and his wife Elizabeth Allan, and Mr. Bill Linnit and Mr. Jack Dunfee, who presented the play, both accompanied by their wives.

MISS GERALDINE GUINNESS, daughter of the late Mr. Kenelm Lee Guinness and Mrs. Lee Guinness, made a most attractive bride wearing a diamond tiara with her cream satin wedding dress exquisitely embroidered with diamanté and gold thread, when she married Mr. Mikael Essayan, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Essayan of Paris, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride was given away by her brother, Sir Kenelm Guinness, and was attended by four children, Michael de las Casas and Charles Helmore, in silk shirts and long cream trousers with yellow cummerbunds, and Catherine Petherick and Catriona Forbes in cream organdie with golden yellow sashes.

The six grown-up bridesmaids, Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, Miss Petronilla Elliott, Miss Patricia Bowes-Lyon, Miss Mary Mosselmans, Miss Adeline Pryor and Miss Judith Willetts, wore really lovely ballet-length dresses of stiff cream satin embroidered in the same way as the bride's dress and wreaths of cream and yellow flowers in their hair. They were indeed lucky girls as these dresses, which will look so pretty as evening dresses, had all been given them!

THE bride's mother looked charming in a cream and gold brocade suit with a big brown hat, and received the guests with her father Sir Thomas Strangman, and the bridegroom's parents, Mrs. Essayan wearing a gunmetal grey lace suit and little pink cap.



Miss Julie-Marie Aarvold was dancing with Mr. Hugh Peppiatt



Lady Hore-Belisha talking to Mr. Ian Weston-Smith



Mr. Roger Tatham and Mrs. Roger Hall were among the guests



Mrs. Bobby Hollond and Capt. E. Bonnor Morris sitting out

The bridegroom's uncles, Mr. Atvart Essayan and Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian, were both there, also Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian, who looked extremely chic wearing a coffee coloured lace dress and a little bluey-green petal cap and some exquisite emerald and diamond jewellery. Lady Jean Zinovieff I met with Mr. and Mrs. Ruairidh Hilleary, also Mr. and Mrs. Peter Samuelson, Col. and Mrs. Patrick Telfer Smollett, the former home from Cyprus for a few days only, Mr. George Annesley, who had flown over from Paris for the wedding, Mr. Bobbie Craigie talking to Miss Shirley Watson, the bride's godmother, Mrs. Reginald Cockburn, Mr. Sebastyen, who was best man, and the Viscondessa de Barevia looking very smart all in white with a large white feathered hat. She had come over from Lisbon for the wedding and was talking to Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian. The bridegroom is studying law and takes his finals in the autumn. After their honeymoon in France and Italy the young couple make their home in London.

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THE Ironmongers' Hall in Aldersgate made a fine and very interesting setting for the cocktail and supper dance which Mrs. Gray Horton gave for her débutante stepdaughter, Miss Carlotta Horton. Large vases of beautiful flowers had been arranged in just the right places throughout the hall. Guests were received by Lt.-Col. Gray Horton and his wife who looked extremely chic in a full-skirted black taffeta dress and Carlotta who looked enchanting in the palest pink organza. Everyone assembled in the library where cocktails and little hot sausages were served, then they descended for dancing or supper. Dancing took place in the magnificent panelled banquet hall with a long bar and buffet in the gallery. Supper was served at small candlelit tables decorated with pink sweet peas in the luncheon-room and the Fountain Court.

The latter which was gloriously cool on a very hot evening had a striped canopy overhead. Goldfish swam around the base of the little fountain which carried a lovely arrangement of flowers and was cleverly lit. Carlotta was the best young hostess I have seen this season. With quiet charm and great poise, she was indefatigable in looking after their guests, young and old, who included many friends from France and Belgium. Among the young people dancing I saw Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, one of the prettiest of this season's débutantes, Mr. Jamie Illingworth, Miss April Villar, Miss Angela Huth, Miss Elisabeth Thierry-Mieg, Miss Gay Robertson, Miss Felicia Guépin, Mr. Christopher Wells, and Mr. Jim and Miss Mary Macdonald Buchanan. Older guests included Sir Norman Gwatkin, Prince and Princess Alfonse de Chimay (she is Carlotta's godmother), Commandant and Mme. Cuissart de Grelle from the Belgian Embassy, M. and Mme. Jacques Tiné from the French Embassy, and Col. and Mrs. "Mossy" Preston.

Guests from abroad who came over for the ball were Mme. Guy de Charbonnière, Baron and Baronne Roy de Bliques, Mme. Laurent Monnier, Mlle. Isabel de Cunha, daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador in Brussels, and Mr. George Vilim of Montreal, in London for a few days after a home business trip to the Continent. Lucia Quannel, a friend of the Hortons from Martinique, gave an excellent cabaret.

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ON July 6 the Hampshire Red Cross dance is taking place at Bramshill Park, Hartley Wintney (by kind permission of the Governors of the Police College). Tickets for the dance may be obtained from Lady Smiley, Ivalls, Bentworth, Alton, Hants.



Mrs. Brian Buchel and Mrs. Lionel Wigram gave a coming-out dance for their daughters, Miss June Ducas and Miss Denia Wigram (above) at Claridge's which was attended by some six hundred guests, many coming with hostesses who had given dinner parties beforehand



Miss Simone Lightman and Mr. Patrick Arnsby-Wilson



Miss Lesley Stephenson and Mr. David Brookes



Miss Jane Allday, Mr. Tom Craig, Miss Sally Probart Jones and Miss Carlotta Horton

Swache



Lt.-Col. F. W. C. Weldon, captain of the British team, with his famous jumper Kilbarry

STOCKHOLM SIMPLIFIED FOR THE TABLE-TALKER

MR. DORIAN WILLIAMS, Master of the Whaddon Chase, and a notable commentator on riding activities, offers timely advice to those who would avoid solecisms when discussing the Stockholm mounted Olympics, June 11-17



Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, who won the Prix St. George for Dressage at the 1955 International Horse Show

EVERYONE knows that to be in the swing to-day it is essential that one should be *au fait* with equestrian affairs. This is not going to be very easy with the Olympic events at Stockholm, as both from the geographical and equestrian point of view it is all a little off the beaten track. Ever since the rakes of society joined King Charles in his mad wagers over the "matches" on Newmarket Heath, and even more since Queen Anne started Royal Ascot, it has been fashionable to support "the horse." During the latter half of the eighteenth century and through the nineteenth century this was emphasized by it being the goal of every country gentleman to be associated with one of the famous family packs of foxhounds. If racing was the Sport of Kings, then hunting was the Recreation of Society.

But neither racing nor hunting are represented in the Olympic Games, which in fact means that a very particular effort in this direction is demanded of those whose interest in horses is social rather than practical. While they have for some time mastered sufficiently the pronunciation of such difficult names connected with the sport as Cesarewitch and Belvoir, to impress those who regard them, despite their lack of practical experience, as knowledgeable; while they can show a sufficiently intelligent interest when talking to experts to feel that the expert is not regarding them as a nonentity, yet it is going to be so easy to trip up when it comes to the Olympic Events that they will be well advised to study the subject carefully. Otherwise they may well, with one unguarded remark, label themselves as ignorant and damn their reputation in the eyes of their admirers.

THIS simple article is intended to do no more than help those who aspire to equestrian authority among their less informed friends, by warning them of the pitfalls so inherent in any discussion of the Equestrian Olympic Events.

There is, frankly, confusion to be met at every turn. To begin with, why is a part of the Melbourne, Australia, Olympics 1956 being held in Sweden. The answer here, fortunately, is comparatively straightforward. Quarantine regulations in Australia demand that any horse remains in the country for six months. As most people think that this is too long to be separated from their horses, the Olympic Committee decided that the Equestrian Events should be held in Stockholm.

Now to the events themselves, and immediately we run into difficulties. England, we know, is for the first time to be repre-



Miss Pat Smythe, Britain's leading woman show jumper, who recently scored a great triumph at Lucerne, takes a fence on Prince Hal

sented in the Prix du Dressage, but there is also dressage in the Three Day Event. There is also show jumping in the Three Day Event, but there is of course the Prix des Nations—which is show jumping. It would indeed be a most unfortunate blunder if on hearing that Mrs. V. D. S. Williams on Pilgrim had done a good test in the Prix du Dressage, one then expressed the hope that she would also do well in the cross-country. For this reason, that the Prix du Dressage, in which Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Johnson are representing Britain, is an event in itself, a single test of incredibly high standard demanding years of training. While the dressage that precedes the cross-country is a comparatively simple test, a part of the Three Day Event.

It would of course be an even worse blunder if one inquired, when told that Colonel Weldon on Kilbarry, had had a clear round in jumping, whether he had beaten Nizefella. They are not of course in the same event! The former is our leading partnership in the Three Day Event, the last phase of which is a simple but tricky show jumping course; the latter is England's great hope in the Prix des Nations jumping, the stiffest course in the world.

As far as show jumping is concerned, the Prix des Nations, it is easier; jumping has become so popular recently; though one has to admit that despite the achievements of Colonel Llewellyn or Miss Pat Smythe, jumping has never quite achieved the social status of racing or hunting, or even polo, and consequently plenty of misapprehensions are possible. After the Olympics at Helsinki in 1952, for instance, it was popularly said that Foxhunter had won a gold medal, whereas he was but the last to jump of the British team that was victorious as a team. His clear round clinched the issue. And although one nation can win the Prix des Nations, the individual winner can come from another nation. This is because there is an individual competition held within the Team Competition. And don't betray your ignorance by getting hysterical if you hear on the one o'clock news that Britain has less or more faults than anyone else. Wait until the six o'clock news for the result.

Each competitor has to jump *two* rounds, a very different matter.

Finally the competitors—and again plenty of confusion is possible here for the unwary. No need to worry if you hear that the Italians are riding Irish horses, the Australians English horses and the Japanese German. After all we have got used to representative teams consisting of individuals who in fact represent neither their club, town nor country. In equestrian sports it is the nationality of the rider only that counts. And remember that, although for the first time women can compete in the jumping (hence Pat Smythe), no women riders can yet compete in the Olympic Three Day Event, which explains why Miss Sheila Willcox cannot be selected, despite running Colonel Weldon so close at Badminton.



The Queen's horse Countryman ridden by Mr. A. E. Hill in the European Horse Trials

WELL, what about her horse High and Mighty, which according to the papers was bought specially for the British team? Ah! lame unfortunately, in training. Don't forget moreover that professionals are not allowed to compete in the Olympics, which explains why some of the best known household names have been left at home.

It is essential, of course, to get your facts right about Her Majesty's Countryman, ridden by Mr. Bertie Hill. Wasn't he Mr. Hill's own horse at Windsor last year, and wasn't he entered somewhere during the winter as belonging to the Duke of Beaufort? Very

complicated. In fact Her Majesty and the Duke of Beaufort are members of a small syndicate that bought Countryman from Mr. Hill. And if you want to sound "in the know" you can assert that this saved the horse from going abroad.

So there it is: Three Events—Show Jumping; the Prix des Nations; Concours Complet; Prix du Dressage, top-standard competition for teams and individuals with Britain represented for the first time, but not as a team. And if you do not want to lose face when you are asked, as you will be, whether Pat Smythe beat Colonel Weldon—then cut this out and keep it!



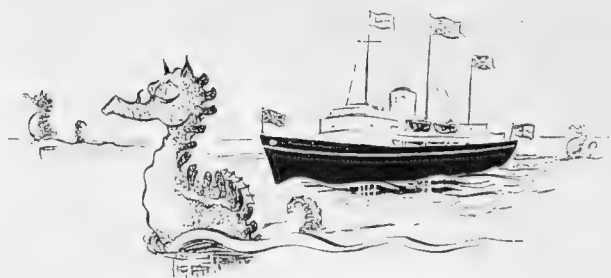
The Royal Barge which will take the Royal visitors from Britannia to the landing stage

SWEDISH WELCOME

CAPTAIN J. E. BROOME, D.S.C., R.N., writes of the preparations taking place in Sweden for the State visit which the Queen and Prince Philip are paying this week



The Empire Room and (below) the "Room for the Body Guard" in the suite at the Royal Palace which will be occupied by the Queen and Prince Philip



At daybreak on Friday, June 8, the crew of Almaregrundet Lightship off the Stockholm archipelago are in for a treat when they see approaching from the southward Her Majesty's Yacht Britannia, wearing the Royal Standard, escorted by H.M. Ships. Defender, Delight and, from the Royal Canadian Navy, St. Laurent.

The Trinity House Yacht Patricia would previously have led the Britannia down the Tees from Middlesbrough and out into the North Sea. Since Trinity House is responsible for lighting and buoying our fairways it seems only right and proper that Trinity House, before anyone else, should find out if everything is in its right place. Once clear of pilotage waters, however, Patricia's responsibilities would have ended and the three formidable escorts would have taken over. And you may bet they will look smart, for there is nothing like the presence of Royalty for promoting spickness and spanner.

At thirty-five minutes past six on that June morning this immaculate little convoy is to be received by the Swedish destroyers Halland and Smaland, who will lead the way into the archipelago. At 9.10 Prince Bertil is due to board Britannia from an M.T.B. From that moment the State visit to Sweden should run its smoothly planned course.

STATE visits are personal affairs between friendly households. They differ from official visits as provided recently (in duplicate) from the U.S.S.R. The latter are organized by the Government and do not directly concern the Royal Family. State visits have continuity and their pattern cannot have varied very much since the Old Testament. A banquet, at which speeches of mutual welcome are on the menu, is followed by an entertainment, a civic lunch, a mingling with the people, then, after about three days, it is time to sign the visitors' book.

This Swedish visit falls on a weekend so that the hardworking population can relax and enjoy it. With Stockholm at its loveliest and with such a popular host and hostess the visit should be a memorable one.

King Gustaf VI Adolf may exceed the sum total of his guests' ages, but he is loved by his kingdom for his energy and for the interest he takes in all around him. As a collector of antiques his fame is international. He also knows a great deal about farming, science, fishing, growing asparagus and playing Canasta. Like Sir Winston Churchill, he is an Honorary Member of our Royal Academy. Unlike Sir Winston, he drinks nothing stronger than cold barley water and lemon. In 1905 he married King Edward VII's niece, Princess Margaret of Connaught, who died in 1920. They had five children. The eldest son Prince Gustaf Adolf died in an air accident in 1947. His ten-year-old son, Carl Gustaf, is now heir to the Swedish throne. Prince Bertil, forty-four and unmarried, has taken on many official duties since his brother's death. The other two sons, Sirgard and Carl Johan, married commoners by which under Swedish constitution they forfeit their succession. The only daughter, Ingrid, became Queen of Denmark in 1947.

THE present Queen, Louise, is an aunt of Prince Philip and a sister of Earl Mountbatten of Burma who is taking part in the visit. In 1923 she became Gustaf's wife and stepmother to his five children. She has been described as "a discreetly dressed lady who moves about freely in the crowded streets. A lady who quietly and modestly awaits her turn at the shop counters and has made a virtue of being inconspicuous. But a lady who is more magnificent and Queen-like than anybody else when the occasion demands it." A gracious tribute.

Variations to our pattern of Royal visits include the Royal Barge, built in 1774 and manned by eighteen oarsmen who will pull the visitors ashore. There is also the unique Drottningholm Court Theatre, in which there is to be a performance of opera and ballet towards the end of the visit. It was built in 1754 and fostered by the reigning playwright, King Gustaf III. When he died it was shut down and gradually transformed into a granary. After 120 years the late King decided to restore it, but to the amazement of everyone, once the grain had been removed, hardly any restoration was necessary. There was the stage, stage machinery, settings, everything but cast and audience.

H.M. Yacht Britannia will once more prove her usefulness on this visit by providing territory on which hospitality may, in some measure, be repaid. Her presence also makes it easier for Princess Margaret and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester to join the party the following week, when the State Visit is over, to watch the equestrian Olympic Games. From our Queen's point of view the visit could hardly end on a more agreeable note.



AN H.A.C. DANCE

"C" Battery of the Honourable Artillery Company held their fourth annual dance in the Long Room at Armoury House. Above: Major Peter Barshall, the Battery Commander and host, with Mrs. Barshall



Mr. Adrian Bruce Whitelegge and Miss Judith Somerville

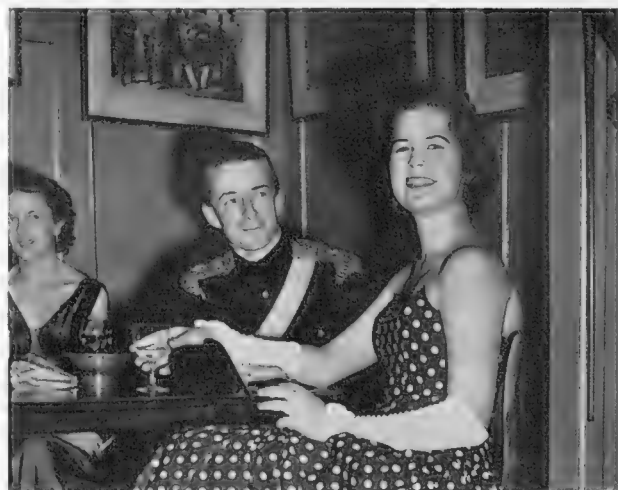


Mr. Robin Bonham Carter and Miss Brenda MacCarthy



Miss J. and Mr. C. Morgan, Miss J. Harrop and Mr. R. Franklyn

Capt. R. A. Wenham, Mrs. I. Austin-Smith, Mrs. Lincoln, and Lt.-Col. A. G. P. Lincoln, M.C.



Mr. Michael Cockell and Miss Sarah Merriman
A. V. Swaabe





"Yes, it has great charm. I can't imagine why they want to sell"

Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

ON December 11, 1893, a young American - Lithuanian - Jewish art historian called Berenson sent off to his publishers the manuscript of a book on a Venetian painter of the Renaissance, Lorenzo Lotto, whose work he had first seen, and fallen in love with, in our own National Gallery.

Now, in 1956, the Phaidon Press have published an entirely new and rewritten edition, with reproductions—four hundred of them—of every picture that can be attributed to Lotto. So Bernard Berenson, who is ninety-one on June 25, has had the pleasure of handling the most recently published book written by himself, well over sixty years after handling his first.

A recent correspondence in the *Sunday Times* produced some interesting examples of long spans of life and work between an author's first and last published book: Bernard Shaw, Dean Inge, and the

redoubtable Dr. Routh of Magdalen, who died at ninety-nine, were among them, as well as Gilbert Murray and Eden Philpotts, who are still living. Bernard Berenson falls not far behind the most eternally industrious of them, and has what I think the unique distinction that his first and his latest book are on the same subject.

WHAT is more, he is still at work: I visited him at Vallombrosa less than a couple of years ago, when he had already entered his ninetieth year, and the monograph on Lotto, now published, and then in hand, was one only, then, of some half a dozen tasks that marched diurnally across his desk.

It was only last month that the sage and scholar—"B.B." to visiting Englishmen and Americans, and "*il Bibi*" to Italians—was given the highest honour that the University of Florence could bestow, and

even that was all too slender a laurel for the man who has been called "one of the most civilized and sensitive men in the world." He looks it, too: small, with a tiny beard not unlike that of the late Count Sforza or that of Lenin (B.B. would love the conjunction of names), with a delicately carved ivory face; and the exquisitely courteous manners of a great gentleman, inherited from ancestral rabbis-scholars, nurtured at school at Boston and at Harvard, and polished in the most urbane drawing-rooms of England and Italy over more than seventy years.

BERENSON told me once that he had found Proust ill-bred, and ill at ease in good society. He has the authority to say things like that, and to be believed.

Naturally enough, with his perception, his taste for wit, and his appreciation of great courtesy, B.B. loved and admired

Max Beerbohm, almost ten years his junior, and he was wont to upbraid the English for, as he said, underrating a writer who was doing what Proust did before ever the first appearance of Proust's great novel ("ladled into Proust, anyway, by that dazzling creature, Robert de Montesquiou," said B.B., disparagingly.) Why, he said, in a work like *Seven Men*, Max worked away as if with a lobster pick—and B.B. made delicate little probing motions with his hand—to get at the human heart.

"Really?" said Max himself, when I told him all this, later: "Really? I didn't know."

Perhaps Berenson will think, as he reads the recent obituary tributes, that at last we have done Max justice; or he may still think—and perhaps be right—that even in the kindest notices there was still a murmur of patronizing noises, an echo of condescending little pats on the back, such as are bestowed on a small boy with a tiny talent. I still feel, myself, that so exquisite a stylist as Max, with so precise a wit, would have been more highly esteemed in France than he ever was here, knight-hood and tributes and all.

DIPPING into the new book of Berenson's that prompted these memories and musings, I was touched by his passage on Lorenzo Lotto in old age, written in his own even greater age: "It is in these years, when the physical system is already in decline, when the will no longer has the energy to reinforce this or that element which needs especial support . . . the man himself appears with a distinctness never perceived before." So to have seen Bernard Berenson at ninety is to have seen him clearly, and I am glad to have done so.

Meanwhile, I wonder what additions there will yet be to the legend. Eric Linklater has written of meeting Berenson just after he came out of hiding from the Germans and the Fascists, and asking why they had sought as their victim a man who was already rising eighty, an art critic and not a politician. Berenson answered that "it was a personal matter. I had offended one of their leaders"; adding calmly, says Linklater, that "I suppose it had something to do with a woman." Linklater's comment was: "This was in 1945; and Mr. Berenson was born in 1865. My reverence increased, and I perceived that the Berenson legend had its roots in a good deal of ground."

THE first time I met Berenson he was nine years older even than that, and made some remark about his "preposterous age." Thinking to rally him, I told him that only that summer I had had tea in London with an American lady so old that in reminiscing about her father, who had been a United States Secretary of War, and much concerned in his time, when my hostess herself was ten or eleven, with the conduct of the Sioux Wars against Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, she was carried completely into the past and said, "Of course, Mr. Ray, you remember Custer's Last Stand?" I repeated this story to B.B., with a merry laugh at its absurdity (for General Custer and his



MAJOR J. D. WATTS has been appointed by the Queen as acting Clerk of the Course at Ascot, in the place of Sir John Crocker Bulteel, who died in February. Major Watts is Clerk of the Course at Epsom, a post which he will continue to hold, so will have the double responsibility of organizing both the great Royal meetings, the Derby and Royal Ascot, as well as being in charge of the spring and August Bank Holiday fixtures at Epsom and the Ascot Heath meetings. He is married, and lives in Surrey between Guildford and Dorking, and will take up his new duties from there

United States cavalry were massacred in 1876), only to have my laughter cut short by Berenson's, "*You* may not remember it, Ray, but *I* do."

WHAT a world of social history there is in nursery rhymes. A recent paragraph of mine here about "I had a little nut tree," and its North Country variations, has prompted a reader to tell me how another old rhyme—a skipping rope rhyme—has been brought up to date.

The old version shows a pathetic resignation that must date from the days of

THE SUCCESSORS

Our gateposts stood where kiosks link
The Lads' Club and the skating rink,
And now, instead of cedar's shade,
Refreshment's found in lemonade.

I must admit it somehow stabs
To see the legions of prefabs
Arrayed upon the village green—
Of course I know the change of scene

Pro bono publico, was due,
For they were many, we were few. . . .
See—where those cheerful urchins jive
I bowled my hoop along the drive!

—Lorna Wood

cholera epidemics, and perhaps from longer ago still, to the notion of heavy infant mortality:

*Mother, mother, I feel sick:
Send for the doctor, quick, quick, quick!*

*Mother, Mother, shall I die?
Yes, my darling, and I shall cry.*

*How many horses for the hearse at the gate?
One, two, three, four,
Five, six, seven, eight . . .*

And so on, until the skipper fell, or missed a twirl of the rope.

Look now at the twentieth-century version. My friend heard the other day, watching a group of skipping children in a back alley in Norwich, this very contemporary variation:

*Mother, Mother, I feel sick:
Send for the doctor, quick, quick, quick!*

*Mother, Mother, shall I die?
No, my darling, and do not cry.*

*Send for the doctor, send for the nurse,
Send for the lady with the alligator purse!*

*Penicillin, said the doctor;
Penicillin, said the nurse;
Penicillin, said the lady with the alligator
purse. . . .*

And then "penicillin, penicillin, penicillin . . ." *ad infinitum*.

Note that the old resignation has gone; a new faith in medical science and wonder-working drugs has taken its place. We say "penicillin" where our superstitious forbears said "abracadabra." And as for the lady with the alligator purse; has there ever been a more pointed and precise comment on the rise in the social esteem and the material rewards accorded to the welfare worker of today? And jolly good luck to her, say I.

★ ★ ★

I AM delighted to learn why visitors to Hughenden Manor, Disraeli's former home and now the property of the National Trust, are no longer allowed to walk freely round the Victorian drawing-room.

"It was closing-time," Sergeant Higginson, the custodian, told me, "and I was just seeing the last visitors out, when I realized that a couple were missing. Where do you think I found them? Courting on the drawing-room sofa! When I spoke to the young man, he pretended to be a foreigner, but he knew what I meant, all right. Cords in the drawing-room from now on, I said to my wife. Soon put an end to those goings on!"

So visitors must now stare from behind a barrier at the portrait of Mary Anne, Disraeli's adoring wife, and at the chair she worked specially for her husband, Earl of Beaconsfield now, with blue forget-me-nots on the seat, and B, for Beaconsfield, on the back. No doubt the cords are all very necessary and very proper, and no doubt we oughtn't to go canoodling on what has become the National Trust's sofa. But I wonder what the sardonic Dizzy would have said, who was so alive to the ridiculous, or Mary Anne herself who, to some ladies discussing the beauty of Greek statues, exclaimed, "Oh, but you ought to see my Dizzy in his bath!"

LINE-UP FOR THE OAKS

"ORMONDE," who will be writing frequently on equestrian matters in The TATLER, is the pseudonym of a leading press correspondent, widely known for his well-balanced summaries of sporting events and trends

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby in the saddling enclosure at the Irish Derby



Mrs. Jack Thursby's Fairy Grove with W.H. Carrup



Lord Manton's Pitter Patter, ridden by E. Mercer



Mr. C. Nicholson's Following Breeze, jockey A. Breasley

THE DERBY is always the Derby—but the Oaks is just another horse-race." That was the late Steve Donoghue's definition, when the famous jockey was asked to expound the difference between our two great classic races which are being contested at Epsom this week, the Derby today, the Oaks on Friday.

From the purely technical aspect of jockeyship, Steve drew the distinction aptly. Derby Day, with its tense atmosphere compounded of a million pent-up hopes, with the reputations of horses and jockeys exposed for a brief two-and-a-half minutes under the fierce, avid glare of public scrutiny, has a flavour all its own.

The Oaks, by comparison, is a gentlemanly affair, but even to those uninitiated in the perfections and compensating frailties of the thoroughbred, the parade for the race forms a beautiful spectacle, as the fillies file out of the wood-lined paddock to face the Epsom multitude.

ONE year older than the Derby, the Oaks was first run for in 1779, when it was won by Lord Derby's Bridget. It derives its name from a property nearby, bought by Lord Derby from his uncle, General John Burgoyne, shortly before the latter set off for America, where he surrendered his army at the Battle of Saratoga in 1777. The present Earl, seven generations removed from the owner of the first winner, has his hopes centred this year in the big filly Dilettante (whose sire Dante and dam Herringbone were both wartime classic winners). It is twenty-eight years since the famous black jacket and white cap were last borne to victory (in 1928 by Toboggan) in the Epsom Oaks, but the late Lord Stanley's Quashed carried on the family tradition by winning in 1935 at 33-1.

Another link with Epsom's bygone days will be provided by Fairy Grove, owned by Mrs. J. H. Thursby. Her husband's relative, Mr. (later Sir) George Thursby, was the last amateur rider to take part in the Derby—finishing second on John O'Gaunt in 1904 and filling the same position on Picton in 1906. Mrs. Thursby's filly is trained by Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who sent out Meld to win this race last year for Lady Zia Wernher.

MRS. "LIZ" THURSBY and her husband divide their time between their stud farm in Ireland and their Grosvenor Square flat, scene of an annual gathering on the eve of the Derby which has now become one of the most enjoyable of London's social functions during Epsom week.

Whether Fairy Grove wins or loses, her owner can be relied on, sartorially, to match the ever-chic Parisian couture of Madame "Suzy" Volterra, whose filly Sicarelle is a strong tip from the other side of the English Channel. The French have won the Oaks thrice since the war—with Imprudence (1947), Asmena (1950), and Sun Cap (1954). Madame Volterra is no stranger to Epsom. She accompanied her late husband, Leon Volterra, on his many visits, and triumphantly led her Phil Drake into the winner's unsaddling enclosure after last year's Blue Riband.

Sicarelle will be accompanied to the post by two other "invaders," the Aga Khan's Danira and M. Marcel Boussac's Janiari. Two years ago, French fillies finished one, two, three. It seems unlikely that they will be able to achieve such superiority this year for, even apart from Fairy Grove and Dilettante, we will be able to field a powerful team.

SIR VICTOR SASSOON won the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks with Exhibitionist in 1937, and his Honeymoon has already landed the first half of this double. Major Lionel Holliday is running No Pretender, own-sister to his 1951 winner, Neasham Belle, a plain-headed, sensible-looking individual, without the nervousness which characterizes so many Nearco fillies.

Lord Manton and his trainer, George Colling, are more than hopeful about their Newmarket winner, Pitter Patter, a sentiment felt by Lincolnshire landowner Mr. Clifford Nicholson about his Following Breeze.

The experts will vote this grey filly with the white face the belle of the party, and to judge by the way she was running on at the finish of the One Thousand Guineas, she will probably be in the first three. The talented Australian, Breasley, will be her jockey.



The victorious Balliol First Division crew on a practice row

ISIS EIGHTS WEEK

MANY visitors travelled to Oxford for this ever popular annual event, especially on the last day of the races when the boat houses and barges were crowded with spectators. Amid much excitement Balliol maintained their coveted position of Head of the River

Mr. Ronnie Bulgin, Miss Sarah Child and Mr. Robert Marple

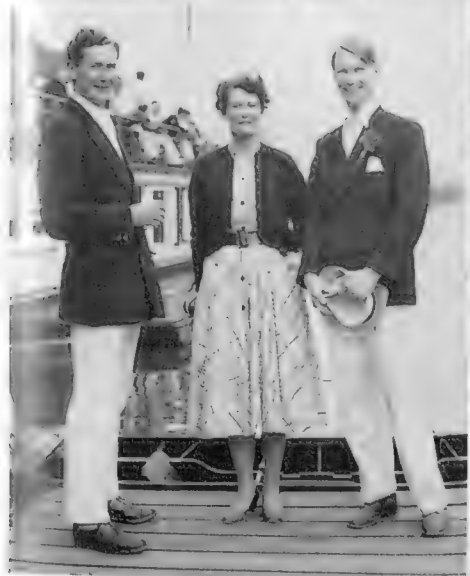
Miss Gillian Horley, Mr. J. Harris and Miss J. Gomm



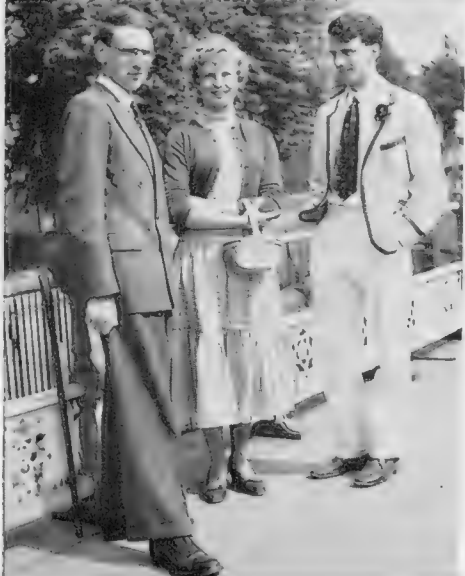
Mr. D. B. Curtis of Merton was busy preparing the oars for one of the races



Mr. David Earle, Miss Janice Wyles, Mr. Peter Wyles, Mrs. S. Wyles



Mr. Mickey Barnes, Miss Mary William-Powlett and Mr. J. Hewett



Mr. Nick Georgana, Miss Ann McMeekan and Mr. John Dickinson



Miss Florence Fache, Miss C. Rolland, Miss G. Combel and Mr. T. R. Gillard

A WEDDING IN DENMARK

COUNTESS Kirsten Ahlefeldt-Laurvig, daughter of the Count and Countess Ahlefeldt-Laurvig, married Mr. Graeme Gordon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Gordon, at Tranekaer, Langeland, in Denmark. King Frederick of Denmark and Queen Ingrid (below) attended the marriage ceremony. Right: the bride and bridegroom



Priscilla in Paris

AUTO-ROUTE MEDITATIONS

IT is not safe to turn your back on this lovely city if only for a day or so, or even a few hours; you are sure to get some kind of a jolt on your return. Leave it in the midst of conferences, street fights and other menacing upsets and you return, with amazed joy, to find that everything has "arranged itself." On the other hand, let the barometer of the daily round be set fair on departure, and you are sure to find that the glass is dropping as soon as you set foot in town again. The only answer to that being: turn right around and set off again! This is what I did last week.

THERE must be some kind of magic in the tunnel that leads from just after the St. Cloud bridge to the auto-route de l'Ouest. I have often entered its semi-gloom ("*allumez vos lanternes*") with the wind-screen-wipers working like seven maids with seven mops and have emerged into blazing sunshine ("*eteignez vos lanternes*") at the other end. Even my second departure did not destroy the magic though it did find my small bus loaded to the fenders and luggage carrier with the unfortunate victims of a "surprise" transportation strike.

The morning papers had not mentioned the possibility of trouble when I started out bright and early, but when I hurriedly returned, a few hours later, to turn off the old gas meter in the bathroom (Josephine being away on holiday) and pick up an overlooked parcel, I found the familiar groups gathered round the bus stops. I rarely pick up high road hikers, they have too many nails in their boots, and are far too careless about where they park those boots in a car that still happens to be upholstered in leather, but I have a weakness for helping the

stranded town worker back to his garden city on Saturday afternoon. He at least respects the seating accommodation.

Between Paris and the nearest point for Versailles on the auto-route I was able to drop off my grateful passengers and watch them scramble over the barriers (strictly forbidden) and saunter homewards via woods and fields.

It was a gorgeous day with scorching May sunshine, but a sharp March wind tossing a snowstorm of petals from the fruit trees. Not that I am particularly fond of auto-routes. The little I know of them in France and Germany I find intensely boring. Too much of a muchness about those eternal green banks and all the "défences" and "verbotens" when one would wish to stop, leave the car and explore. But the auto-route de l'Ouest is the most agreeable way of leaving Paris for a westward trip over the quite perfect roads of la belle

France. Not so good for the return journey, however, especially on Sunday evenings!



GETTING back to town in the late afternoon or evening of a holiday is becoming even more intricate since the authorities, so solicitously *in loco parentis*, have taken to broadcasting advice to the owners of cars equipped with a radio and telling them to go round by a less crowded route. Given that not so very many cars have radios (over here at all events) this was a good idea, but as the silly clucks who get the news pass it on all round, the ensuing stampede merely transports the auto-route crush to village street tangles.

In these days of congested traffic there is a good deal to be said for the idea of putting a tax on the wheelbase of a car rather than on its horse-power!

I hate leaving Paris in a northern direction.

Miles of mean streets must be traversed to the Porte de la Chapelle and more miles of factories and filth before one even perceives the open country. But I went that way one afternoon last week for the opening of Jean Richard's "Zoo" at Ermenonville. Greatly as I love animals I do not think I would care to own a zoo, but if Jean Richard, the actor, finds relaxation in being Jean Richard, the zoo-keeper, in his spare moments, who am I that I should question his taste?

MICHÈLE MORGAN, still sun-tanned from her sojourn at Cannes where she only just missed her "Oscar" this year, and Madeleine Robinson, bleached from her two years of being Somerset Maugham's "Adorable Julia" at the Théâtre du Gymnase, declared the "Zoo" open. From now on the citizens of the northern suburbs can pay their pennies and see the sights, which will be cheaper for them than finding their way to the SE. of Paris where the municipal zoo is housed at Vincennes. Not a paying concern for Jean Richard, however. The entrance money is a mere one hundred francs! How much horseflesh can one buy for one hundred francs, even many times over? It must cost something to feed a couple of panthers, two bears, Pacha, the lion, a full-grown elephant (Prince Ranier's pachyderm is just a baby), two camels as well as birds, monkeys and snakes galore and a very rare antelope from Sutikinga (that I cannot find on the map since I do not even know which continent to look for).

There is also a small animal that came under the heading of "domestic pet," and because of this fallacy is allowed to run about freely. It is a minute, black and tan pinscher weighing eight hundred grammes. It aspires to the name of "dog," which I resent. It yaps and it bites and it is the only creature in the place that really ought to be behind bars!

Avec sang froid

● From an evening paper: "Rats, 'preserved' in blocks of ice, are brought to life again without the slightest harm to their physical integrity." Quite so! But one cannot help wondering about their morale.



George Konig

The academician who breaks all the rules

JEAN COCTEAU is a genius of many facets. At sixty-five he has won world-wide acclaim as a dramatic author, poet and novelist, and has been a vital influence in the cinema. M. Cocteau has a home in Paris and also in the country near Fontainebleau, but spends most of his time at the Villa Santo Sospiri on Cap Ferrat, which he has decorated with many of his own wall designs. Here he is seen holding a pottery vase by his friend Picasso. Recently he was elected to the Academie francaise and will be honoured by Oxford University this month with an Honorary Doctorate in Literature



Mr. Michael Edwards and the Hon.
Mrs. Philip du Zulueta

DEBUTANTES DANCED AT THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSY

H.E. THE AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR and Mme. Schwarzenberg gave a coming out dance for their daughter, Colienne, at the Austrian Embassy in Belgrave Square. The house with its many art treasures, beautiful pictures and tapestries made a perfect setting for the event. H.R.H. the Duke of Kent was among the 400 guests, who included distinguished members of the Diplomatic Corps as well as debutantes



H.E. Prince Johannes Schwarzenberg with his wife

Lord Brooke, Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden,
H.E. the Italian Ambassador and Mr. Frederick Ashton



*The Countess of Harewood and
Mr. Francis Dashwood*



*The Duke of Kent dancing with
Miss Teresa Crossley*



and daughter await their guests

Swabe



*Miss Frances Sweeny partnered by
Mr. Eric Frank*



*Miss Evelyn Palmers and Mr.
Hans Hoyas dancing together*

*The Hon. Mrs. Michael Rose and Mr.
Francis Py. were among the company*

*Miss Vanessa Redgrave was talking
to Count Joseph Czernin*

*Mlle. Felicia Guepin was with
Baron Alexander De Gelsey*





At the Theatre

A TOMBOY ENCHANTRESS

MISS LESLIE CARON, the heroine of *Gigi* at the New, is not perhaps a very good actress as yet, but her shortcomings in this respect are made good to some extent by the instinctive rightness of her miming, and she has an enchanting stage personality. One way or another she commands the evening—and if not in the best interests of the flimsy play in which she appears that is something which nobody will mind much.

She has a part which is primarily comic and only incidentally pathetic. She makes it primarily pathetic and only incidentally comic. It is the part of a young French girl brought up in the utmost strictness to be a kept woman in the cherished tradition of her family. To the scandal of her elders, retired courtesans and procuresses, she insists on marrying, which is bad, and marrying for love, which is worse. Miss Caron's insistence on what is pathetic in the heroine's predicament much weakens the comic irony of the amoral anecdote.

SHE touches us quite seriously with the dismay of the gauche tomboy, wakening with painful suddenness into the nubile girl only to realize that she is expected to make temporary loans of her love to a succession of men in exchange for ropes of pearls, a discreet address and skilfully negotiated money settlements.

This invitation to sentiment is made enchantingly, and we yield ourselves to it happily. But when Miss Caron is not actually involved and charming us with her simple pathos we become rather bored with the background joke of the wicked old women solemnly busy grooming the

child for what they consider the most civilized of all careers open to sensible women. The Colette story on which the play is based by Miss Anita Loos, gives the joke an agreeably provocative Parisian flavour by encircling its essential sentimentality under a rich coat of cynicism, and the adaptor, as might be expected of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, introduced a wildly farcical twist.

MR. PETER HALL, who directs the New Theatre production has, I fancy, done something to un-Americanize the text, and clearly appreciating the effectiveness of Miss Caron's personality, has let it have its way more or less unchecked. But this bold dependence on Miss Caron seems to have had a deadening effect on the rest of the players.

How else can we account for the dullness of some scenes which are intrinsically good comedy. Miss Estelle Winwood, an actress home again after forty years' sojourn in America, has one of them in which the old lady proudly displaying the precious stones marking her career as a prosperous courtesan teaches her niece what gifts stamp their recipients as U or non-U. The scene appears to be amusingly written, but it comes over only half-heartedly. So with the scene in which the same *grand dame* seeks to entice Gigi's old

"GIGI" (New Theatre): The tomboyish teenager Gigi (Leslie Caron) breaks with family tradition and becomes respectable, Tonton (Tony Britton) is a rich young roué, captured by her enchanting personality and unusual sentiments, and Mme. Alvarez (Ena Burrill), the lady whose teachings, fortunately disregarded by Gigi, result in a brilliant marriage. Below: Alicia de St. Ephlam (Estelle Winwood) who reached the top of her profession and reaped its due rewards. Drawings by Emmwood

playmate, now her impassioned lover, into the sort of settlement fitting his riches and, a girl of fresh young beauty starting out in her career as a mistress. Mr. Tony Britton has composed through the evening a well-considered portrait of the rich, handsome, publicity-conscious collector of mistresses, but neither he nor Miss Winwood manage to set a comic spark to a bargain which we are asked to see as droll.



AT this point the joke, which has been rolling laboriously through the heavy seas of an out-moded convention, founders completely, and it is at this junction also that Miss Caron rescues the play with her interpretation of the heroine, which has up to now seemed singularly out of key with the play's intentions. Much of what has gone before appears

more irrelevant than ever, but we willingly overlook the unrewarding voyage through the *demi-monde* in the pleasure of recognizing a new and refreshing personality.

Mr. Britton is only at ease in the more sentimental passages, especially when he is called shamefacedly to confess that he loves the little girl who will not for a moment consider becoming his mistress. It all comes back in the end to Miss Caron.

—Anthony Cookman



MISS TUTIN'S NEW PLAY

FROM Dorothy Tutin the London theatre has learnt to expect performances of exceptional brilliance, fire and integrity. In her new play *The Gates Of Summer*, by John Whiting, opening in London in the autumn, she has an author whose *Marching Song* created a deep impression by its disturbing power and originality; the combination of this actress and playwright should result in a play exciting both in ideas and interpretation

Paul Tanqueray

At the Pictures

MOTHER'S RUIN

MISS SUSAN HAYWARD's performance as an alcoholic in *I'll Cry Tomorrow* is, I think one can fairly say, pretty staggering—but because it seemed to me purely external, it left me unmoved.

She plays Miss Lillian Roth, an American singer whose mother, one understands, relentlessly pushed her into Broadway and Hollywood stardom, though all the poor girl wanted was to marry and settle down. When the man she loved died, Miss Roth suffered a nervous crack-up and could not sleep, so the nurse who was looking after her handed her a couple of nice stiff whiskies. (I'm only telling you what the film says.)

This was the first trickle of a stream of alcohol which was to sweep Miss Roth—via two disastrous marriages, the best restaurants, the cheaper saloons, and a series of increasingly squalid Bowery bars and filthy rooming-houses—into the gutter. Alcoholics Anonymous reclaimed her—and she found the courage to tell the whole story of her addiction and degradation to a television audience of forty million people, who, one hopes, were duly edified.

No disintegration of character stirs one's pity unless the character has been, so to speak, solid at the start. Unfortunately the character created by the script-writers and portrayed by Miss Hayward is a mere shell. Is there anything in her, one asks oneself half-way through the film, but a somewhat sickening self-pity—and possibly an exacerbated liver?

Miss Hayward is at her best in the early, exhilarated phase of alcoholism—when, aglow with Dutch confidence, she plunges out of her theatre dressing-room bawling "Here I come!" totters on to the stage and, supporting herself on a chair tactfully supplied by the management, successfully faces an audience. Her voice, by the way, has a clang to it which goes rather well with brassy numbers like "Sing, You Sinners."

When the rot sets in, Miss Hayward unpromisingly gives you the full works—the wading walk, the loose mouth, the crazy cackle of laughter, the dazed eyes and slurred features. If we had known and liked the woman she was before, we might have been deeply affected—but as we'd never really met her in anything but tears, tantrums and her cups, it's hard to feel anything but impatience. I do, however, salute a good actress for a superlatively honest effort to make bricks without straw.

As Miss Roth's beastly second husband, Mr. Richard Conte carries menace in his eye and cruelty is latent in his smallest gesture. But the real villain of the piece is neither Mr. Conte nor Demon Alcohol but Miss Jo Van Fleet who, as Miss Roth's mother, with a honeyed voice and a bitter expression, works away like a dentist's drill, utterly insensitive, metalically unaware of causing pain: hers is a truly magnificent, thankless performance.

Miss Jean Simmons, in the title rôle of *Hilda Crane*, is another victim of mother-trouble. At least, you are asked to believe that if her Mum (Miss Judith Evelyn) had been a little more demonstratively affectionate, Hilda would not have gone to New York, been twice married and divorced, and become shabbily promiscuous.

The failure of Hilda's third marriage—to a rich young man (Mr. Guy Madison) in her



JEANMAIRE, the sensationally attractive French ballerina, première danseuse of her husband Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris, which has just had a short season at the Palace Theatre, stars in Paramount's mammoth musical *Anything Goes*. From it come such well-remembered tunes as "I Get A Kick Out Of You" and "You're The Tops." Jeanmaire, who was introduced to film audiences in *Hans Christian Andersen*, dances two exciting ballets in the film with choreography by her husband. Other stars are Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor and Mitzi Gaynor



ANNE FRANCIS as she appears in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's film *The Rack* which opened in London at the Rialto last month. The film tells the harrowing story of a young and much-decorated war hero (played by Paul Newman) who is charged with collaboration with the enemy during two and a half years in a Red prison camp in North Korea. Miss Francis plays the part of the widow of the accused man's brother, and staunchly stands by him throughout the trial

home-town—can, for a change, be blamed on her battle-axe of a mother-in-law (Miss Evelyn Varden), who spitefully dies on Hilda's wedding-day, to cast an enduring gloom over the union. Hilda seeks solace in the bottle and the arms of a French professor (M. Jean Pierre Aumont) and finally—dreary, mixed-up kid—resorts to an overdose of sleeping pills.

I have no time at all for this kind of spinelessness, but plenty for Miss Simmons, who is maturing gracefully: though she cannot make Hilda a sympathetic character, she does most subtly convey the nagging sense of insecurity underlying her selfish gropings after a happiness she scarcely deserves.

"STORM CENTRE" courageously exposes America's hysterical horror of Communism. Miss Bette Davis, for twenty-five years custodian of the Free Public Library in a small, smug town which simply bursts with civic pride, refuses, on principle, to remove from her shelves a volume entitled "The Communist Dream." She is no Communist—she merely feels very strongly that if anybody wants to look into the subject of Communism, they should be at liberty to do so.

She is sacked from her job, ignorant people denounce her as a subversive influence, children whom she has loved are turned against

her by stupid parents, she is completely ostracized—and on the strength of having performed a public service by hounding her from office, an ambitious politician (Mr. Brian Keith) whips up support for a fierce anti-Red campaign.

The film is extremely well written, every character meticulously drawn—and Miss Davis invests the gallant librarian with an impressive and moving dignity. She is still one of the finest actresses on the screen.



Richard Conte, as a domineering husband, lays down the law to Susan Hayward in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*

Serenade is an unlikely musical about a tenor, Mr. Mario Lanza, who, in the middle of his New York début as "Otello," stamps off the stage because his rich patroness, Miss Joan Fontaine, is not in her box. Temperament has in its time been the alibi for an excessive number of stage and screen improbabilities, but this demonstration is indeed hard to swallow, waiving as it does the laws of self-preservation and publicity in favour of professional suicide.

HOWEVER, you can hardly withhold sympathy from the man when it appears that he's so upset that he loses his voice. When he marries an interesting-looking Mexican girl, Señorita Sarita Montiel, it is mercifully restored: I say mercifully because while many enjoy Mr. Lanza's singing, nobody, surely, would claim he can act.

Mr. Lanza, looking like a cross between Mr. Orson Welles and a bull-frog, does, in fact, sing "Otello" splendidly. Most of the time, though, he's warbling trash—like the theme song, which runs "Our love is a serenade, A song the heavens made, And angels played . . ." and is put over with a throbbing intensity worthy of grand opera.

—Elspeth Grant



Tom L. Blau

AUTHORSHIP AND OLD CHINA

WOLF MANKOWITZ, whose latest book *My Old Man's A Dustman* was recently published by Andre Deutsch, is Russian-born and spent his youth in the East End of London, which is brought to life vividly in his novels. He is also an antique dealer and an authority on Wedgwood china. His story for the film *The Bespoke Overcoat* was one of the short masterpieces of last year

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

A POWERFUL STUDY IN DESTINY

BAND OF ANGELS (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18s.) is a novel centring on the time of the American Civil War—author, Robert Penn Warren, recognized as one of America's foremost novelists. This book created a vast stir when, some months ago, it appeared in its own country; and here in Britain its impact can hardly fail, I imagine, to be considerable. For this is a story as striking, as fraught with sensation, as fiction has given us for some time.

Amantha Starr, young, lovely and petted daughter of a Kentucky plantation mansion, seems set for the career of a Southern belle. Her father idolizes her; as to her dead mother there is some mystery, which the daughter so far has not probed.

AWAY at boarding school in Ohio, Amantha learns of her father's sudden death—she hurries home, to be confronted by an unspeakable discovery. Child of a *liaison* between Mr. Starr and one of his good-looking younger slave girls, Amantha ranks as a slave herself—the papers which should have freed her were never signed. Mr. Starr, moreover, has died bankrupt. Amantha is liable to seizure, as saleable property, by her father's creditors; and this, at his very graveside, is what happens.

Acquired, along with a batch of others, by a middleman, Amantha finds herself being shipped by river to New Orleans, to be exposed for auction in the slave market there. In view of what she has been led to expect, she is on the whole fortunate in her purchaser—the elderly, rich Hamish Bond treats her not only with respect, but with an almost fantastic kindness.

A relationship, after a term of time, does come into being between the two, but this is, at least to some extent, of Amantha's choice. The scene is Hamish Bond's fine New Orleans city home and, later, his Louisiana plantation. But the outbreak of the Civil War, the descent upon the South of the Northern armies, is to break up this temporary security. From then on, adventure comes fast and furious.

As may be gathered, *Band Of Angels* could

be a lurid tale, bristling with lecherous possibilities. As Mr. Penn Warren has handled it, it is not so—on the contrary, I think of it as a work of noble and stirring imagination. Here is a study of human destiny, and still more of the *sense* of destiny—typified by the thoughts, feelings and struggles of Amantha. Our heroine is the teller of her own story: through her eyes we watch the succession of events which, themselves extraordinary, are hardly more so than her own personality. We are given a young woman in whom mixed blood has produced initiative, fire and endurance. Even had fate not taken the turn it did, Amantha Starr (one perceives) would have made her mark—here, in fact, is no typical, acquiescently languid, languishing young lady.

THE many other characters in *Band Of Angels* are also charged with violence and clad in mystery: throughout, this lengthy novel is keyed high. Mr. Penn Warren, it would appear, is using the evils of the now vanished slave system to illustrate what still persists in our day—the power of human beings to exploit one another. And Freedom in the true and absolute sense—what really is it? Is it not an ordeal? Do we not, possibly, dread it no less than seek it? *Band Of Angels* has no conventional “happy ending,” yet it closes upon a triumphant note: Amantha and Tobias Sears, her difficult husband, have both, after disillusionments, won through.

★ ★ ★



“BERNKASTEL,” an illustration from Germany (McGraw-Hill, 30s.), latest of the beautifully produced “The World In Colour” series, edited by Dore Ogrizek

SHE, THE ACCUSED, by Murice Moiseiwitsch (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.), is a novel which, as its title suggests, has as heroine a young female suspect. Twenty-year-old Leonora Brookes, at an inclement hour of the morning, finds herself under arrest on the charge of murdering her employer—a disagreeable big business magnate, whose flat she had been so unwise as to frequent at night. Mr. Moiseiwitsch, whose name is already well on the map on the strength of a number of other novels, traces ingeniously the causes for the blackness of the case against her, and the steps in the fight to save her life.



*Sir Gerald Slade, the High Court Judge,
Miss Poppy Stanley and Miss Joanna Dannatt*

THE LAW AT TENNIS

MEMBERS of the legal profession and their friends watched the London Bar Lawn Tennis Society play a two-day match against the Paris Bar Lawn Tennis Association, captained by M. Geranton, at the Hurlingham Club. The weather was perfect, and after a very close contest, London, captained by Mr. J. Cope, won back the cup, which was presented to them at a dinner afterwards



*Mr. K. Nation-Dixon, Mr. B. Carter, M. A.
Vizzavona and M. A. Berholz*



*M. J. Geranton, Mme. Geranton,
Mr. J. Cope and Miss Sheila Kaye*



*Master W. R. Lawrence, Master and
Mrs. Clayton, and Mrs. Lawrence*

*Miss Yvonne Alexandre and
Mrs. Marlies Nation-Dixon*

*Miss Marie Seller was at the
match with Mr. David West*



*M. Paul Roux of the French team taking a
backhand shot*

Van Hallan



Michel Molinare

Michel Molinare





by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

Fashion Editress

WHETHER your idea of relaxation is a strenuous bout of sailing, or you prefer to sit in the sun and let others do the work, here are some ideas for being comfortable and attractive on a seaside holiday. Many of the playclothes this year are easily switched separates; jeans, jerseys, shirts, shorts and suntops, which can be worn in various combinations and permutations according to the occasion and the weather. Stripes, which are more popular than ever this year, are fresh and bright in a variety of colours. Far left, above: A loose blouse jacket with a wide framing collar and a side pocket and slim jeans in beige wool etamine, by Miricae, Rome. Next to it a two-piece in fine wool knitwear striped in grey; the trews are very tight and the blouse has three-quarter sleeves. The jacket worn with it is in yellow wool toile. By Sarli, Naples. Above: Summer striped sweater and tight slacks from Gatinoni, Rome, in turquoise blue and white. The Irish idea of sunny Spain (left, below), matador trews and stole in handwoven gossamer tweed with interwoven bouclé stripe. Approx. £18 3s. 6d. By its side an Irish fisherman's handwoven sweater in natural coloured bainin. Approx. 8 gns. Both by Irene Gilbert at Woollands

AT EASE ON THE OCEAN WAVE



Contrasts in black

BOTH the evening dresses on these pages are black, but apart from that they differ completely in style and material. One is bouffant and romantic and essentially English, while the other is Italian and is long, slim and sophisticated. The latter (left) is made in lightweight wool crepe, and has a well moulded bodice coming to a low waist and thickly draped. An unusual feature is the flowing cape, which falls in folds down the back and is caught up at the waist. By Capucci. The dress on the right is in the English tradition of romantic ball dresses, in organza and chantilly lace with a bouffant full skirt and an attractive neckline. By Roecliff & Chapman, at Rocha of Grafton Street, price approximately 40 gns.





HATS round off the ensemble of every chic woman and this year they are given a greater emphasis than ever, becoming not merely a pretty afterthought but an important fashion feature. Rudolf's hat in pastel dipping felt swathed in chiffon (above, left) is ideal to wear with a plain round-necked dress in black or navy blue. While Gina Davies has a flat crowned hat in fine straw (above) accentuated by tiered spiked tulle in softest green. Left: Rudolf's dramatic cocktail cartwheel in fernlike petals and studded tulle

HATS . . . FOR



Photographs by
Michel Molinare

Here is a hat that is the essence of femininity, a reminder of the large and gracious hats worn by our Edwardian grandmothers. It comes from Gina Davies, 25 Brook Mews, and is made of very fine pale pink organza. The crown is shallow and the wide brim is surrounded with full-blown roses. Perfect for the great social occasions of the summer

ROYAL ASCOT AND AFTER



SWISS THREESOME

FROM Jenners of Edinburgh comes this Swiss three-piece with a decidedly new look. In a casual style that is, nevertheless, the acme of sophistication and elegance, it consists of a ribbed jersey hip hugging coat in white, trimmed with navy, worn over a plain, ribbed short sleeved jersey (below). The navy blue matching skirt is in plain knit. The three-piece is 19 gns. The white straw flat boater (right) has a decidedly original motif of an inset level of navy petersham. Price £8 18s. 6d. Short white doeskin gloves, 24s. 6d. White peccary leather pochette handbag, with a fitted separate purse and mirror 65s.



John French



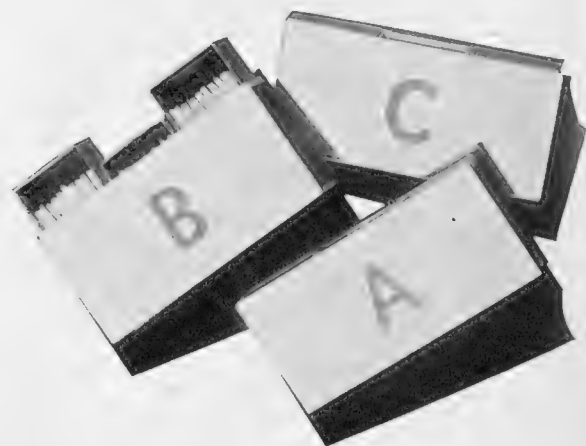
CHOICE FOR THE WEEK



Light and bright about the house

*LET the rays of the June sun glid
Lsome new treasure in your house.
Those shown here are equally useful and
decorative, and have been specially
chosen to suit several different rooms*

—JEAN CLELAND

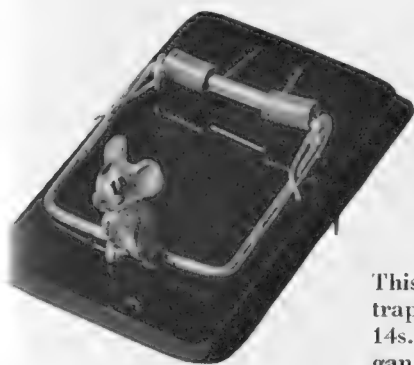


An exquisite French porcelain bird lamp with delicate colouring to go in any room. Price £62 10s. from Asprey

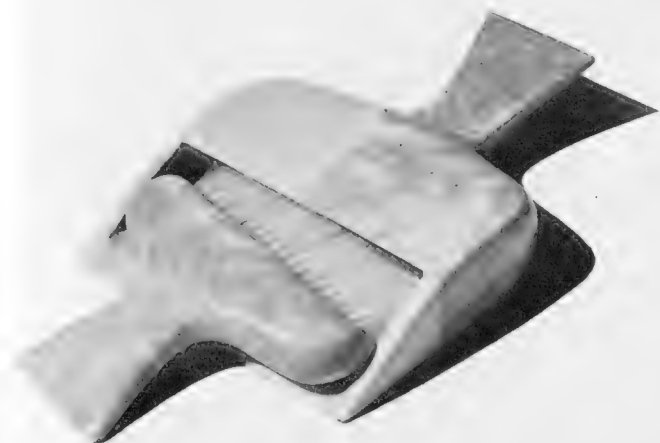
Above: For the bridge table. Three mirror matchboxes, 10s. 6d. each. A real novelty from Fortnum and Mason



From John Bolding and Sons, Ltd., famous for their bathroom equipment, come these attractive tiles, hand painted on earthenware and glazed. In sizes 4 in. by 4 in. and 4 in. by 6 in., at prices ranging from 8s. 6d. to 15s. each



This neat "mouse-trap" paper clip, price 14s. 6d. from Finnigans, will keep those papers snapped firmly together at all times



A useful and elegant brush and crumb tray in crush goat, price £4 4s. from Finnigans in New Bond Street

Right: Towel covers, set of two, £5. Tangletuft bath mat, £1 7s. 6d. Linen bin, £3 13s. 6d. Fortnum & Mason

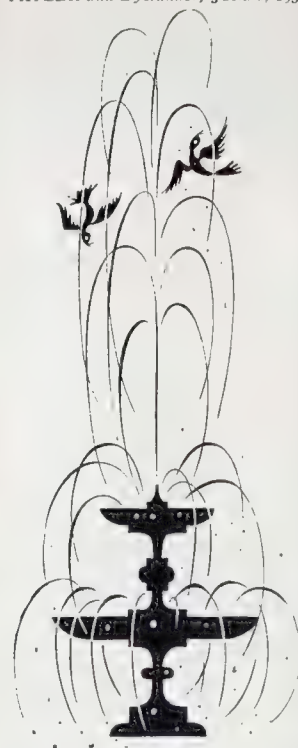




THERE IS NOTHING like a touch of scent, some disturbing and haunting fragrance, to make for an enchanted evening. (Modelled by Miss Ellen Skript)



Dennis Smith



Beauty

Jean Cleland

The wider uses of scent

“HE who frequents the perfumer’s shop and lingers even for a short time, will carry with him the scent of the place.” I cannot remember where I first read these words, but they came to mind when I paid a visit to “Floris,” the famous perfumers in Jermyn Street, and talked to Michael Bodenham—affectionately known in the firm as “Mr. Michael”—whose grandmother was a Miss Floris. All around us were the scents and essences for which Floris is known throughout the world. One had only to remove a stopper here and there to release the fragrance of spring and summer in such lovely flowers as lilac, English violets, red rose, jasmine, honeysuckle, gardenia, Roman hyacinth and stephanotis, to mention only a few. Accepting a soft spray of this, and a touch of that, I knew that I would leave the shop carrying with me the mingled scents of an English garden.

Michael Bodenham is a direct descendant of Juan Faminias Floris, who in 1730 left the island of Minorca and came to London to open his shop in Jermyn Street, the fashionable heart of London frequented by the *beau monde* surrounding the Court of St. James’s. In those days, when perfumers were something of a novelty, such an adventure might have been regarded as hazardous, but fortune was kind. In 1820, when “Prinny” the Regent came to the throne as King George IV, one of his first acts was to bestow on Floris the Royal Warrant of Perfumer to the Court.

As he talked of the past, Mr. Bodenham told me a number of fascinating things about those early days. As for instance, that in the Directories of 1801, the firm is referred to as “Comb Makers to H.M. the King and to H.M. the Queen.” At that time a considerable amount of business was done in this connection, and at the Jermyn Street premises one can see a case of exhibits consisting of beautiful combs made of tortoiseshell, carved by hand with an exquisite craftsmanship that is rarely to be found today.

Something else that interested me greatly was that Lord Nelson, who had an important operational base in Minorca, the birthplace of Juan Floris, occupied chambers in Jermyn Street over the Floris shop; a very strange coincidence.

Leaving the past and coming to the present I asked Mr. Bodenham whether he agreed with me that there has been a great expansion in the use of scent during recent years. “Yes,” he said, “I think there has, but all the same I feel that the Englishwoman lags sadly behind her French and American sisters. Her method

of using it is still rather that of the odd dab behind the ear and on the handkerchief, and of something to be brought out for parties and special occasions. This is all wrong. Scent, in a soft and subtle way, should be with her all the time. A gentle accompaniment to her whole personality.”

He’s right, I thought, continuing to think in terms of music. Scent should be a kind of muted magic, giving out a haunting melody like that of a violin when the mute has been put on it.

I told Mr. Bodenham how I had always had this feeling for scent, and how, when I was just married and doing my first entertaining I used to buy freesia—flowers must have been cheaper then than they are now—and on the day of a party put these fragile flowers in vases in the different rooms, so that when the guests arrived in the evening the whole house was filled with delicate fragrance.

THIS interested him, “You had the right idea,” he said, “and now we have made the idea of scenting the whole house less expensive by way of our new perfume vaporizers. These are little asbestos discs which we sell with a bottle of special vaporizing essence, and a ‘dropper’ attachment. All you have to do is to put a few drops of the essence on to an asbestos disc, and allow a few seconds for it to be absorbed. Then just place it either over the tapered end of a hanging bulb, or on the top of a table lamp bulb. Switch on the electric light, and in a few moments the essence begins to vaporize, creating an enchanting perfume throughout the room.”

This is only one of the many ways designed for creating fragrance. You can get pot-pourri to put in jars, or scent sachets to place in drawers and among your lingerie. There are delicately scented mouth washes (Floris have them in rose and violet perfume), toilet soap, hand lotions, toilet powders, toilet waters, bath essences, bath salts. For those with dry skins there are the lovely bath oils, of which some perfumers make a special feature. For the hair, there are beautifully scented hair lotions, frictions and brilliantines. Deodorants come in many forms—powders, lotions, “sticks” and creams, all charmingly scented, while, for the handbag, there are the lovely frozen and solid colognes, which with a single stroke bring swift and sweet refreshment.

The magic of fragrance is yours to command, not by waving a wand, but by just releasing a stopper from a bottle, or lifting the lid from a box. Why not make greater use of this simple and enormously effective “abracadabra.”



TULIP RALLY winners, Mr. Edward Brooks and his son Raymond, on their arrival home at West Wickham, Kent, with their A30 Austin. They drove it from Holland to Monte Carlo and back without penalty points, in the face of heavy foreign competition. It also led throughout in special tests on a handicap basis

Motoring

by Oliver Stewart

JACKS v. GIANTS AT GOODWOOD

So many changes and cancellations have been made in the International calendar that I would not care to predict how many of the remaining events down for this month of June will actually take place; but the club calendar is thick with fixtures, the total being well over 100. And for July the three big Grand Prix, in France, Britain and Germany, remain on the same dates as in the original R.A.C. fixture list.

So, as in the past, Indianapolis provides those of us who are interested in motor sport with a signal that there is no more time to lose about ferry bookings to the Continent and about passes and tickets for the coming events. But here, for a moment, I would like to turn back to the British Automobile Racing Club's "Whitsun Hundreds" national open meeting at Goodwood, because it introduced to our notice some remarkable facts.

DURING the practising on the Saturday I took a number of times and found that Hawthorn's and Chapman's Lotus Climax cars, with engines, be it remembered, of only one and a half litres capacity, were lapping in between one minute thirty-seven seconds and one minute thirty-eight. In other words, they were lapping at about the same speed as the D-type Jaguars with their three-and-a-half-litre engines. Then there was another entertaining fact about the practice times: some of the vintage cars were lapping within ten or fifteen seconds of the latest machines. Burton's Bentley, for instance, of 1927 manufacture, put in a lap at one minute 59 seconds and the other big Bentley, of 1930, did two minutes fourteen. This was Eastick's car, the eventual winner of the Vintage event.

In the racing itself the Lotus Climax cars lived up to the promise they showed

during the practising. Hawthorn's second place to Titterton in the Whitsun Trophy, a race won at 87.65 miles an hour, was especially praiseworthy. And as usual, the meeting, in glorious sunshine, had the pleasant Goodwood atmosphere. Much credit for this goes to H. J. Morgan, the general secretary of the B.A.R.C., who has seen to it that the Club acquires increasing renown with the passing years.

THE B.A.R.C. has its origins in the "Cyclecar Club" of 1912, and in the even better remembered "Junior Car Club," which was responsible for introducing a new note into racing between the wars. The amalgamation with Brooklands was in 1946 and the first Goodwood car meeting was in 1948. Club membership is now well over the ten thousand mark.

Fine weather brings out the worst in the hideous development schemes beloved of the local authorities in all parts of the country. If you drive between London and Manchester today you can see how the unspoilt region in between is being narrowed down. The English are said to be blind to visual beauty and in the official inquiries that are held about aerodromes, power stations, military training areas, housing estates and the rest of it, appearance effects are never mentioned.

If the local authorities cannot be persuaded to take active steps to preserve the good looks of the countryside, surely they might be taught to hold their hand and not to continue with their bulldozing and flame-throwing until the moment when the new work must be begun. And,

where attempts are made to bring to the notice of the authorities the fact that some parts of England still look good and would continue so to do if only they were left alone, they deserve the fullest support of all who motor.

The Warwickshire County Council has very properly been exercised about planning permission for filling stations in the green belt areas and the Executive Committee of the Town and Country Planning Association has sent them some good advice.

REFERRING to the need to "restrain the amount of development adjoining main roads running through the green belt," the Committee continues, "the claims of amenity are higher in the green belt than in many other areas and local planning authorities would be justified in applying stricter standards of amenity." Would it be too much to hope that this is a sign that, in the future, some attention is going to be paid to appearances?

When I wrote of the Tulip Rally I omitted to mention a significant fact about the Sunbeam Rapiers that came first and third in Class E. They were both fitted with the new lightweight Laycock de Normanville overdrive. The drivers were J. D. L. Melvin and J. N. Marshall, and D. Rawson and E. Elliott.

The Austin A30 winner, by the way, was a stock car in the true sense and was privately entered. It went through the road section without penalty.

The fuss about flashing direction indicators is unnecessary. I do not believe that the investigations into their effectiveness were justified, nor do I believe that regulations to tie them down will be justified. If the authorities would occasionally leave these things to sort themselves out, they would set a good example by saving the country a great deal of money.



DINING OUT

An artistic dinner

ONCE again to a dinner inspired by the past but very much concerned with the future: the second of the dinners being given by Charles Forte to the panels of judges who will select the winners of the Café Royal prizes for art, literature and music.

This time it was the Art Panel, and I found myself sitting between Charles Cundall, R.A., and a very old friend of mine, James Gunn, P.R.P., A.R.A.; also round the table were Henry Rushbury, C.V.O., R.A., James Fitton, R.A., Sir John Rothenstein, C.B.E., George Rogers, M.P., Secretary of the Parliamentary Painting Group, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bowden, both of them successful portrait painters, Maurice Bradshaw, a great organizer of art exhibitions, Frederick Gore, Director of Painting and Drawing at the St. Martin School of Art, Stella Dunn, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forte as host and hostess.

The menu, inspired by a dinner served at the Café Monico to the indefatigable Col. Newnham-Davies in 1913, was an affair of seven courses, each of great quality and prepared by the hand of a master, *maître chef* D. W. Davis. The setting was in one of the very well re-furnished and redecorated private dining-rooms at the much rejuvenated Café Monico, and here is the menu:

La Ina

Berncasteler Estate

Green Label 1953

Château Margaux 1947

G. H. Mumm 1941

Dows 1920

Armagnac Sans Gil 1900

Le Melon Rafrachi au Champagne

Le Consommé à la Queue Kangourou

Le Coulubiach de Saumon à la Russe,

Beurre Fondu, Sauce Bercy

L'Agneau de Lait

Les Pommes Nouvelles à la Menthe

L'Esturgeon Royal en Matelote

L'Ananas Glacé à l'Orientale

Le Dessert

Le Panier de Gourmandises

Le Café

It is difficult to know to which of the seven courses one should give pride of place: the Kangaroo Tail Consommé was excellent, a new experience for most of the guests, and with a little sherry added bore a



Delia Dudgeon

JOHN STAIS, proprietor of The White Tower restaurant in Percy Street for the last eighteen years, has four chefs, Italian, Yugoslav, English and Greek. He specializes in Mediterranean dishes such as Taramosalata, a smoked roe paté, and Mussaka (Greek cottage pie), and has an extensive wine list

remarkable resemblance to real turtle soup but had its own rather more meaty flavour. With a loud blast on my own trumpet I announce with pride that this was my suggestion. The *Coulubiach de Saumon* was so good that in spite of the seven courses several people had a second helping. It consisted of fresh salmon, hard-boiled eggs, young mushrooms, Visaga (which is the spine of a sturgeon) and rice, flaked, mixed, re-shaped and baked in a brioche pastry case. The *Esturgeon Royal* was fresh sturgeon marinated in Burgundy with carrots, onions, bay leaf and garlic, cooked and served cold, coated with a jelly made from the liquid.

THE pineapple came in on a trolley and was served on sockles of ice, i.e. carved blocks of ice with lights underneath. The pineapple had been sliced, mixed with fresh strawberries and kirsch and coated with spun sugar. *Le Panier de Gourmandises* turned out to be *petit fours* served up in a large jewel casket made in royal icing. It is interesting to note the wines that were served in 1913: Marcobrunner 1904, Bollinger & Co. 1904, Lanson 1906, Martinez Port 1896 and Grand Fine Champagne 1875.

It is sad to reflect that there is only one more dinner to come, for the panel who will judge the music competition. But who knows, I may find myself sitting between Sir Malcolm Sargent and Benno Moiseiwitsch.

—I. Bickerstaff

ESTD 1790
(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)

SANDEMAN
SCOTCH WHISKY

The
King of
Whiskies

SANDEMAN & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH

"The contents of a gentleman's cellar should include at least a bottle or two of

Heavenly Cream Sherry"



It was in 1821 that Mr. John William Burdon first laid down the soleras from which sherry was regularly supplied to the Spanish Royal Household and from which now comes Heavenly Cream, a sherry "so well conceived as to be the master of all others".

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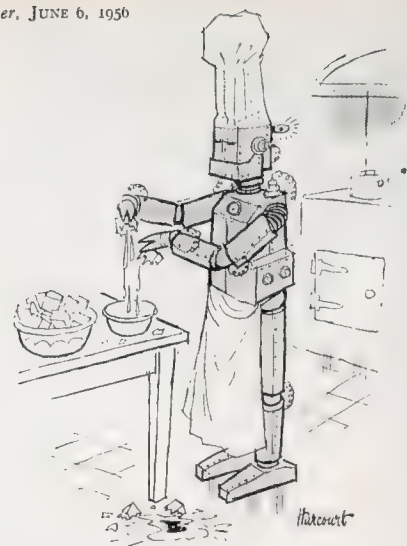
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Forest larder



IT is impossible to estimate the loss of edible fungi each year—left unpicked to “lose their goodness” in our fields and woods—but it must be considerable. Mushrooms themselves, the most familiar of their tribe, are often left ungathered because of doubts as to whether they are safe to eat or not.

Henri-Paul Pellaprat (whom I am never tired of quoting, because of his amusing English) says this of “Mushrooms, Cepes, Morils, etc.”:

The mushrooms—delicious vegetables—belong to a family where bad subjects are found; poisoners, more dangerous owing to the fact that they resemble in nearly all points to the best and eatable. We give a picture of mushrooms which are all comestible, but apart of cultivated mushrooms, others are to be accepted with great care when coming from the forests as they resemble like brothers to the safe ones.

Fungi, by Claire Loewenfeld (Faber and Faber, 21s.), one of a “Britain’s Wild Larder” series, has prompted me to write of them this week. While we generally consider field mushrooms as an autumn crop, other fungi are available much earlier in the year. Some can be found at the moment. Cultivated mushrooms, of course, are obtainable the whole year round.

WELL do I remember my first introduction to the “cepe” or edible Boletus. (The German name is “Steinpilz,” stone fungus.) This was in the woods near Macduff, in Banff. My husband pounced on what did not seem edible fungi to me. He persuaded me to help him to gather several very large ones. Local people, strolling through the woods, were sufficiently alarmed at this to warn us that the fungi were poisonous. We had a good deal of difficulty in getting the hotel proprietor to have them cooked for us. (My husband does know his fungi, having spent several years in Germany and Russia, where *Steinpilzen* grow in great abundance in pine woods.)

In later years, we used to motor to Ashdown Forest with an Italian restaurant proprietor to gather three kinds of what he called, simply, “fungi” which he dried for winter use in his delicious regional Italian dishes. Some he preserved in oil for *hors d’oeuvres*. I have an idea that the dried “mushrooms” obtainable in Continental shops are not so much *champignons* as “wood fungi.”

Country folk, who are as interested in edible fungi as I am, will find Mrs. Loewenfeld’s book a profitable mine of information. Next time I spend a country holiday, I shall take the book with me, together with *Edible Fungi*, by John Ramsbottom (The King Penguin Books, 2s.). I should mention that Mrs. Loewenfeld gives many fungi recipes.

JUST now we can buy small white-capped cultivated mushrooms, the *champignons* of the Continent (a “must” for white sauces and light coloured preparations), as well as the larger dark rough-capped ones. These latter are delightfully full flavoured but unsuitable for cream sauces because they discolour them. But they are delicious cooked this way:

Peel the large caps and place them, gills downwards, in cold water to encourage out any grit which may have “crept” into them. Drain and fry them gently in butter. Place them, gills upwards, in a shallow oven-dish and fill them with the following mixture:

For 8 large caps, chop and cook the stems in the same pan. Stiffen 4 chicken livers in a little butter over a low heat. Remove and chop them. Gently cook a split clove of garlic in the same pan, then remove it. Return the cooked chopped mushroom stalks and chicken livers to the pan. Work a flat teaspoon of flour into them and cook gently for a minute or two. Add just enough stock to moisten the mixture and cook to thicken slightly. Stir in a tablespoon or so of double cream, then season well. Fill the caps with the mixture, sprinkle grated cheese and a few grains of Cayenne pepper on top, then slip under the grill to colour the cheese. Serve on rounds of bread, first fried in butter.

I have enjoyed a similar dish with a curl of anchovy on the filling, topped by the cheese and browned. It makes a very good savoury.

—Helen Burke

THEY ARE ENGAGED

The Hon. Patricia Bethell, younger daughter of Lord Bethell of Cawden Hall, Horam, Sussex, and Veronica, Lady Bethell, of Monk's Revel, South Ascot, Berks, is engaged to marry Mr. M. W. Nesbitt, younger son of the late Mr. Philip Nesbitt and of Mrs. Nesbitt, of Potters, Shamley Green, Surrey



Yevonde



Vandyk

Miss Flavia Browning, younger daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick and Lady Browning of Menabilly, Par, Cornwall, is engaged to Capt. Alastair Reginald Sandeman Tower, Coldstream Guards, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Kinglake Tower, of Testbourne, Longparish, Andover, Hampshire



Lenore

Miss Julia Diana Renwick, daughter of Sir Eustace Renwick, Bt., and Lady Renwick, of Whalton House, Whalton, Northumberland, has announced her engagement to Mr. Jervis Jocelyn Percy, the elder son of the late Col. J. E. S. Percy and of Lady Bradford, of Alden Cottage, Durham



Pearl Freeman

Miss Cathryn Hinde, second daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. W. R. N. Hinde, of Green Place, Stockbridge, Hants, whose engagement was announced recently to Viscount Emlyn, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Cawdor, of Cawdor Castle, Nairn, Scotland

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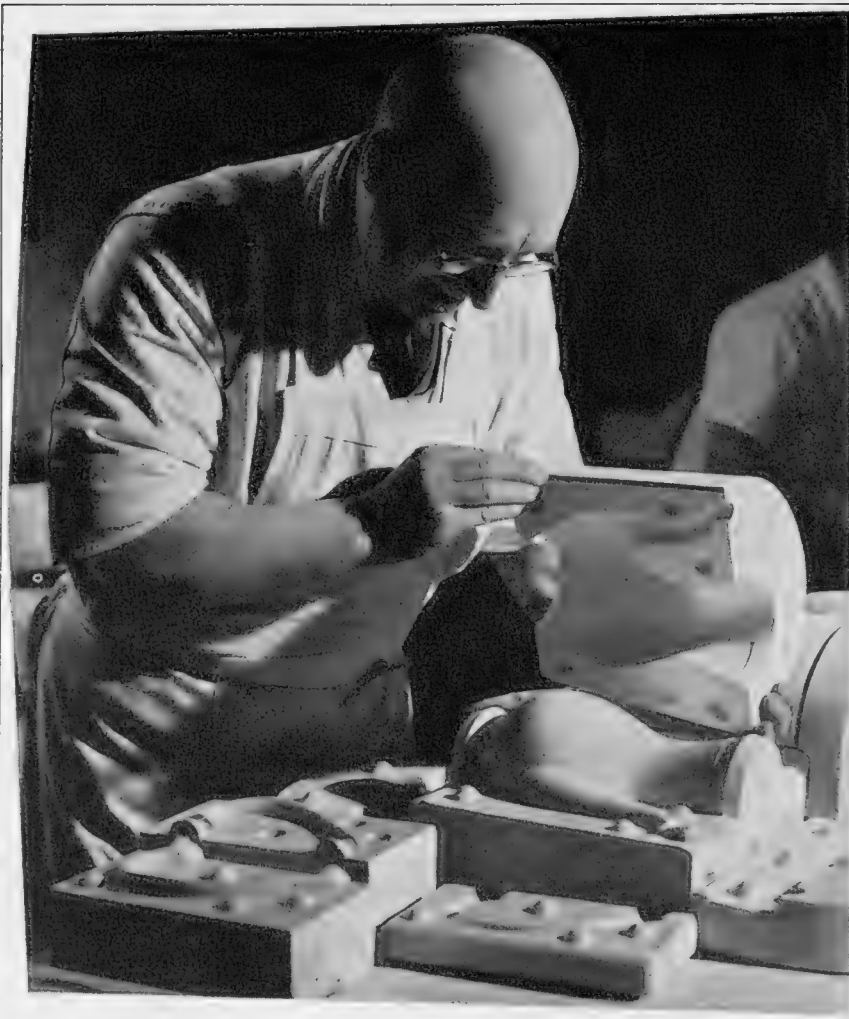
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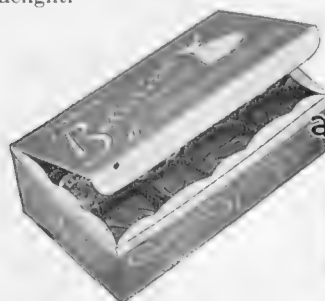
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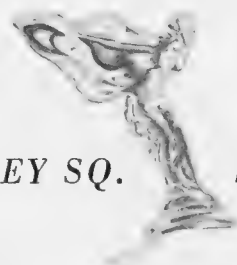
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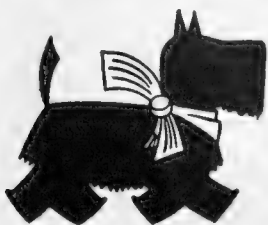
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JUNE

Village Cricket

IT IS NOT SO VERY LONG, as anyone can see by glancing through the back numbers of *Punch*, since Village Cricket was a comic institution or anyhow was so regarded. Cows roamed the lush out-field, many of the players wore braces and umpires were unashamedly partisan. The Herculean muscles of the blacksmith, the vicar's Panama, the unrepeatable comments of the wicket-keeper—to humorists (of whom, among the artists, Frank Reynolds showed an especial felicity) these clowns at the court of King Willow were a godsend. They must have existed once, but they do not exist now. White flannels, printed fixture-lists, sight-screens, stroke-play, change-bowlers—these amenities are taken for granted upon what, if it ever was the village green, is now known as "the Rec." Wickets are still apt to be fiery and umpires something less than Olympian; but the standard of play—and especially of fielding—is high and the technique orthodox. Batsmen who try to hit a six do not fall over backwards if they fail, wides do not figure largely among the extras. All this decorum and proficiency clearly serve the best interests of the game as a whole; but it would, in a way, be rather nice to see the blacksmith at the wicket again, wearing braces and refusing to take guard.



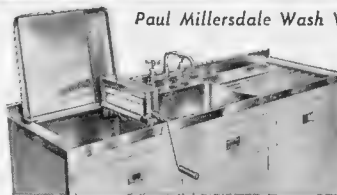
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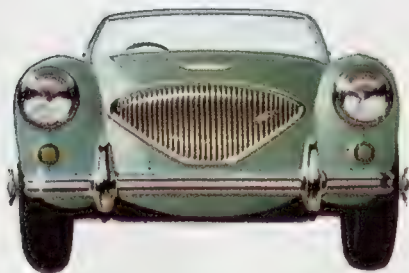


BEAUTIFULLY FAST, THE AUSTIN HEALEY

*Mohair Coat & Jersey Hat
by Jaeger*

This is an unusual picture. It shows an Austin Healey at rest ; and that is one thing this magnificent sports car rarely is. For when you think of an Austin Healey, you think of beauty in action. You think of an immensely powerful sports car going ahead like streak lightning. You think of a speedometer that goes 70 . . . 80 . . . 90 . . . 100—and more. You think of the sheer excitement and exhilaration of being at the wheel of a record-breaker.

But the Austin Healey is not only beautiful to watch and beautiful to drive. The car itself is a beautiful engineering and design job. Its surging power comes from a superb 2.6 litre O.H.V. engine. Its wonderfully finished body is built on aerodynamic lines for speed. Its controls (one of the results of racing experience) are handily placed for sports driving. Its boot is particularly large for this kind of car. One final word. The upholstery is real leather, the carpeting is luxurious, the accessories are part and parcel of the standard equipment. Considering all this and the class of the car, the price of the Austin Healey is remarkably reasonable: £806 plus £404. 7s. p.t.



AUSTIN HEALEY

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham

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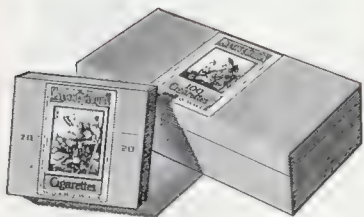


Left Down to the sea in denims—in marine blue, orange, black, navy, red, yellow. Sizes 10—16. Price £3. and over them, a French fisherman's sweater clearly striped in blue and white, price £2. 5. 0.

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd London W1. Regent 2002

Centre Only at Simpson's, an Italian designed swimsuit in rayon batiste. In black with ice blue bead trimming, black/white, ice blue/cyclamen, sea green/white, citron yellow/black, red/white, navy/yellow. Sizes 32—38. Price £7. 10. 0.

Right A gaily-striped shirt—the stripes are many coloured, the yoke in blue, black or red. Sizes 34, 36, 38. Price £3. 12. 6. Plain shorts in blue, black or red £3. 12. 6. *At back* A pretty bikini in a design of strawberries on pale blue, yellow or white. Sizes 32, 34, 36. Price £2. 5. 0.



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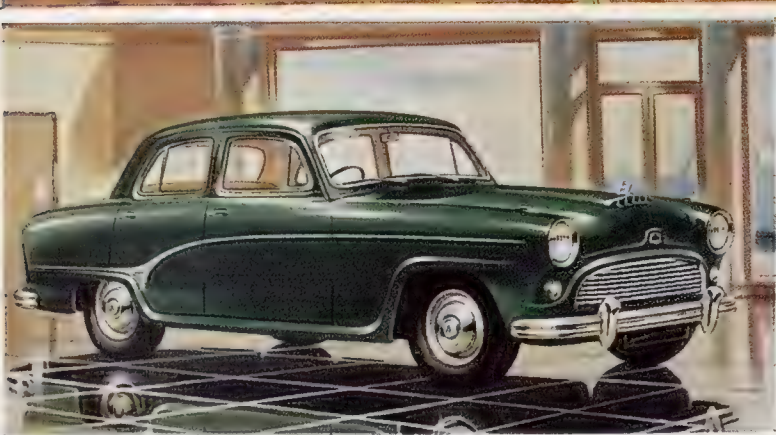
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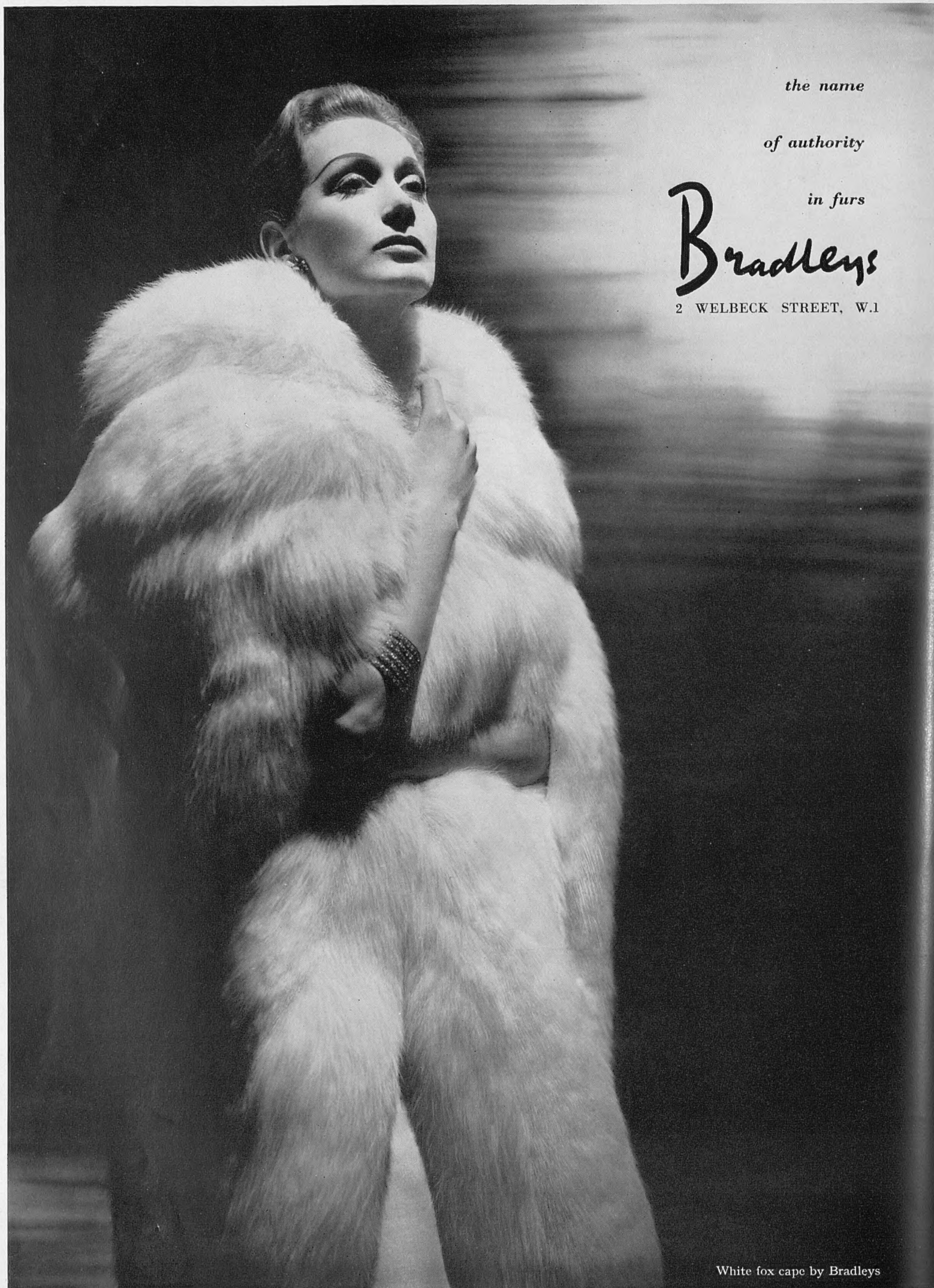
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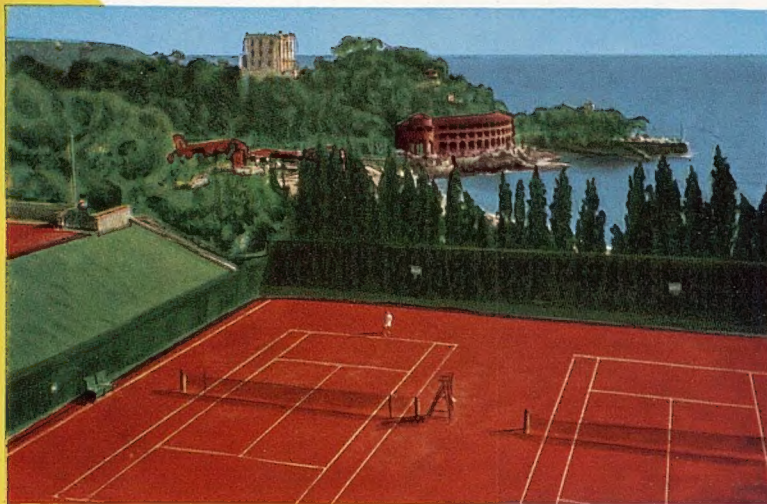


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